



The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Promos and Cassandra

By GEORGE WHETSTONE

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Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

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1578



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THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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568
P
578
310

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Besides the British Museum copy (the original of this facsimile reprint), there are examples in the Bodleian Library at Oxford and at Trinity College, Cambridge. No other edition is known.

The author's preface and the note of "The Printer to the Reader" disclose certain bibliographical facts which it is unnecessary to reiterate here. It will also be seen on reference to Gii that the second part commences with a fresh title.

The author's record is to be found in its proper place in the "Dictionary of National Biography." George Whetstone was a voluminous writer of no little repute in his day.

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original copy, says "a first-rate facsimile . . . as good as any in the whole series."

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE RIGHT EXCEL-
lent and famous Historye , of
Promos and Cassandra:

Deuided into two Commicall
Discourses.

In the fyrsyte parte is showne , the
vnsufferable abuse, of a lewde Magistrate:
The vertuous behauours of a chaste Ladye:
The vncontrowled leawdenes of a favoured
Curtisan.
And the vndeserued estimation of a pernici-
ous Parasyte .

In the second parte is discoursed,
the perfect magnanimitie of a noble Kinge,
in checking Vice and fauouringe Vertue:
Wherein is showne , the Ruyne and ouer-
thowle, of dishonest practises: with the ad-
uauncement of vp;right dealing.

*The worke of George
Whetstones Gent.*

Formæ nulla fides.

TO HIS WORSHIPFULL
riende, and Kinsman, *William*
Fleetewoode Esquier, Recorder
of London.



Yr, (desirous, to acquire
your tryed frendships, wth some token
of good will:) of late I perused diuers of
my vnperfect workes, fully minded to
bestowe on you, the trauell of some of
my forepast time. But (resolued to ac-
companye, the aduenturous Captaine,
Syr *Humphrey Gylbert*, in his honorable
voiadge,) I found my leysure too littel, to correct the errors
in my sayd workes. So that (inforced) I lefte them disparsed, a-
monge my learned frendes, at theyr leasure, to polish, if I faid
to returne: spoylng (by this meanes) my studie of his necessa-
rye furnyture. Amonge other vnregarded papers, I fownde
this Discourse of *Promos* and *Cassandra*: which, for the rarenesse,
(& the needful knowledge) of the necessary matter contained
therein (to make the actions appeare more liuely,) I denided
the whole history into two Comedies: for that, *Decorum* vsed,
it would not be conuayde in one. The effects of both, are good
and bad: vertue intermyxt with vice, vnlawfull desyres (yf it
were possible) queancht with chaste denyals: al needful actions
(I thinke) for publike vewe. For by the rewarde of the good,
the good are encouarged in wel doinge: and with the scowrge
of the lewde, the lewde are feared from euill attempts: main-
tayning this my oppinion with *Platoes* authority. *Nawghis-
nesse, commes of the corruption of nature, and not by readinge or
bearinge the lynes of the good or lewde (for such publication is necessarye,)
but goodnessse (sayth he) is beautifyed by enker action . And to*

The Epistle Dedicatore.

these endes : *Menander*, *Plautus*, and *Terence*, them selues
many yeares since intombed,(by their Commedies) in honour,
liue at this daye . The auncient *Romanes* , heald these shewes
ot sluge prile, that they not onely allowde the publike exercise
of them, but the graue Senators themselues countenaunced the
Actors with their presence: who from these trifles wonne mor-
allytye , as the Bee suckes honny from weedes. But the aduised
deuises of auncient Poets , discredited, with the tryfels of yonge,
vnauided, and rashe witted wryters , hath brought this com-
mendable exercise in mislike. For at this daye, the *Italian* is so
lasciuious in his comedies , that honest hearers are greeued at
his actions : the *Frenchman* and *Spaniarde* folowes the *Italians*
humor : the *Germaine* is too holye : for he presentes on euerye
common Stage, what Preachers should pronounce in Pulpets.
The *Englishman* in this qualitie, is most vaine, indiscreete, and
out of order : he fyrt groundes his worke, on impossibilities:
then in three howers ronnes he throwe the worlde: marries,
gets Children , makes Children men , men to conquer king-
domes, murder Monsters , and bringeth Gods from Heauen,
and fetcheth Diuels from Hel. And (that which is worst)their
ground is not so vnperfect, as their workinge indiscreete : not
waying, so the people laugh, though they laugh them(for theyr
follyes)to scorne : Manye tymes(to make mirthe)they make a
Clowne companion with a Kinge : in theyr graue Counsels,
they allow the aduise of fooles: yea they vse one order of speach
for all persons: a grose *Indecorum*, for a Crowe , wyll yll coun-
terfe the Nightingales sweete voice : euen so, affected speeche
doth misbecome a Clowne. For to worke a Cōmedie kindly,
graue olde men, should instruct: yonge men, should shewe the
imperfections of youth: Strumpets should be lasciuious: Boyes
vnhappy: and Clownes, should speake disorderlye: enterming-
ling all these actions, in such sorte, as the graue matter, may in-
struct: and the pleasant, delight : for without this chaunge , the
atten-

The Epistle Dedicatorye.

attention, would be small: and the likinge, leſſe.

But leauē I this rehearsal, of the vſe , and abuse of Comme-
dies: least that, I checke that in others , which I cannot amend
in my ſelſe. But this I am assured , what actions ſo euer paſſeth
in this History , either merry, or morneful: graue, or laſciuous:
the concluſion ſhowes, the conuoluſion of Vice, and the cheriſing
of Virtue. And ſythe the end tends to this good, althouſh the
worke(becaufe of euel handlinge) be vnworthy your learned
Cenſure, allowe (I beſeeche you) of my good wyll, vntyl
leauure ſerues me , to perfect , ſome labour of more
worthe. No more, but that, almightye God
be your protector , and preferue me
from dainger, in this voiadge, the
xxix. of July. 1578.
(. . .)

Your Kinsman to vſe,
George Whetſtone.

The Printer to the Reader.

Entle Reader, this labour of Maister W hetstons, came into my handes, in his syrte coppyp, whose leasure was so lyttle (being then readie to depart his country) that he had no time to worke it a new, nor to geue apt instructions, to prynce so difficult a worke, heynge full of variety, both matter, speache, and verse: for that euery sundry Auctor, hath in all these a sundry grace: so that, if I com-
mit an errore, without blamung the Auctor, amend my amisse; and if by chaunce, thou light of sonie speache that seemeth dark, consider of it with iudgement, before thou con-
demne the worke: for in many places he is driven, both to
praise, and blamme, with one breath, whiche in readinge wil
seeme hard, & in actio, appeare plaine. Using this courtesye,
I hould my paynes wel satissedyd, and Maister W het-
ston vniured: and for my owne part, I wil
not faile to procure such booke, as
may profit thee with delight.
(. . .)

Thy friend. R. I.

The Argument of the whole Historye.

In the Cyttie of *Inlio* (sometimes vnder the dominion of *Corninns* Kinge of *Hungarie*, and *Boemia*) there was a law, that what man so euer committed Adultery, should lose his head, & the woman offender, should weare some disguised apparel, during her life, to make her infamously noted. This leuere lawe, by the fauour of some mercifull magistrate, became little regarde, vntill the time of Lord *Promos* authority: who conuicting, a yong Gentleman named *Andrugio* of incontinency, condemned, both him, and his minion to the execution of this statute. *Andrugio* had a very vertuous, and beautifull Gentlewoman to his Sister, named *Cassandra*: *Cassandra* to enlarge her brothers life, submitted an humble petition to the Lord *Promos*: *Promos* regarding her good behauours, and fantasynge her great beaty, was much delighted with the sweete order of her talke: and doyng good, that euill might come thereof: for a time, he repty'd her brother: but wicked man, tourning his liking vnto vn-lawfull lust, he set downe the spoile of her honour, raunsome for her Brothers life: Chaste *Cassandra*, abhorring both him and his sute, by no perswasion would yeald to this raunsome. But in fine, wonne with the importunitie of hirbrother(pleading for life:) vpon these condicions, she agreeed to *Promos*. First that he should pardon her brother, and after marry her. *Promos* as feareles in promise, as carelesse in performance, with sollemne vowe, sygnd her conditions: but worse then any Infydel, his will satissfyed, he performed neither the one nor the other: for to keepe his auuthoritye, vnspotted with fauour, and to preuent *Cassandraes* clamors, he commaunded the Gayler secretly, to present *Cassandra* with her brothers head. The Gayler, with the outcryes of *Andrugio*, (abhorryng *Promos* lewdenes, by the prouidence of God, prouided thus for his safety. He presented *Cassandra* with a Felons head newlie executed, who (being mangled, knew it not from her brothers, by the Gayler, who was set at libertie) was so agreed

The Argument of the whole Historie.

ued at this trecherye, that at the pointe to ky† her selfe, she spared that stroke, to be auenged of *Premos*. And deuisyng a way, she concluded, to make her fortunes knowne vnto the kinge. She (executinge this resolution) was so highly fauoured of the King, that forthwith he hasted to do Iustice on *Premos*: whose iudgement was, to marrye *Cassandra*, to repaire her craised Honour: which donne, for his hainous offence he shold lose his head. This maryage solempnised, *Cassandra* tyed in the greatest bondes of affection to her husband, became an earnest futer for his life: the Kinge (tendringe the generall benefit of the comon weale, before her special easse, although he fauoured her much) wold not graunt her lute. *Andrugios* disguised amonge the company, forrowing the grieve of his sister, bewrayde his safetye, and craued pardon. The Kinge, to renouwe the vertues of *Cassandra*, pardoned both him and *Premos*. The circumstan-
ces of this rare Historye, in action
lyuelye followeth.
(.:)



The Historie, of Promos and Cassandra.

Actus I. Scena I.

Promos, Mayor, Shirife, Swoerde bearer; One with a
bunche of keyes: Phallax, Promos man.

Du Officers whiche now in *Iulus* staye,
Know you our leadge, the King of Hungarie:
Sent me Promos, to toyne with you in sway:
That syll we may to Justice haue an eye.
And now to shew, my rule & power at lardge,
Attentinelte, his Letters Pattents heare;
Phallax, reade out my Soueraines chardge.
Phial. As you commaunde, I wyll: gine hædefull care.

¶ Phallax readeth the Kinges Letters Patents, which must be
sayre written in parchment, with some great counterfeat zeale.

PRO. Loe, here you see what is our Soueraignes wyl,
Loe, heare his wyl, that right, not might, beare sway:
Loe, heare his care, so wæde from god the yll,
To scorze the wights, god Lawes that disobay.
Such zeale he beares, unto the Common weale,
(How so he byds, the ignozaunt to saue)
As he commaundes, the lewde do rigoz fæle.
Such is his wyl, such is my wyll to haue:
And such a Judge, here Promos vowes to be,
No wylfull wrong, sharpe punishment shall mysse,
The simple thrall, shalbe iudge with mercie,
Each shall be dombde, even as his merite is:
None shall not staye, nor hate renenge procure,
Ne yet shall Coyne, corrupt or foster wrong:
I do protest, whylste that my charge indure,
For friende nor foe, to singe a partiali song.

Lone, hate
and gaine,
the causes
of Inic.
stice.

Thus haue you heard, howe my Commission goes,
Ye absent, I present our Soueraigne syll:
It aunsweres then, each one his dutie sholues,
To me, as him, what I commaunde and wyll,

W. s.

Ma. v. 102

The Historie

Ma. Worlhy Deputie, at thy chardge we laye,
We doe submitte our selues, to wozie thy heast:
Receyue the sword of Iustice to destroy,
The wicked imps, and to defend the rest.
Shri. Our Citty keyes, take wizht Lieutenant heare,
We doe committe our safetie to thy head:
Thy wyse to;eight, will kepe vs boyde of feare,
Pet wyll we be assitant still at neede.
Pro. Both Swornde and Heires, unto my Princes vse,
I da receyue and gladlie take my chardge.
It resteth nowe, soz to reforme abuse,
We poynct a tyme, of Councell moze at lardge,
To treate of whiche, a whyle we wyll depart.

All speake, To wozie your wyll, we yelde a wylling hart. *Exeunt.*

Actus. I. Scena. 2.

Lamia, a Curtizane, entreth synging.

The Song. *Al* a flaunt now vaunt it, braue wenche cast away care,
With Layes of Loue chaunt it, for no cost see thou sparre;

*S*ith Nature hath made thee, with bewty most braue,
Sith Fortune doth lade thee, with what thou wouldst haue.
Ere Pleasure doth vade thee, thy selle set to sale:
All wantons wyll trade thee, and stowpe to thy stale.

All a flaunt, *Ut Supra.*

*Y*ong Ruslers maintaines thee, defend thee and thine,
Olde Dotuels retaines thee, thy Beuties so shine:
Through many disdaynes, thee, yet none maye thee tuch:
Thys Loue retraynes thee, thy countenaunce is tuch.

All a flaunt, *Ut Supra:*

Triumph

of Promos and Cassandra.

Thumphe fayre Lamia now, thy Wanton flag aduaunce,
Set forth thy selfe to b^rauest shew, bost thou of happy chaunce: Shee spea-
keth.
Gyple, accompt thou thy selfe the chace, of Lady Pleasures traine,
Thy face is faire, thy so^rme cōtent, thy Fortunes both doth staine.
Cuen as thou wouldest, thy house doth stande, thy furniture is gay,
Thy wades are b^raue, thy face is fine, & who so^r this doth paye?
Thou thy selfe no, the rushing Youthes, y bathe in Wanton blisse,
Yea, olde and dooting soles sometimes, do helpe to paye for this.
Free cost betwene them both I haue, all this for my behoue,
I am the sterne, y gides their thoughts, loke what I like, they loue
Few of them sturre, that I byd staic, if I bid go, they flye:
If I on soue pursue reuenge, Alarme a hundred craye.
The b^rauest I their harts, their handes, their purses helde at wyl,
Joynde with the credite of the best, to bowlster mee in yll.
But see wher as my trusse man, doth run, what newes b^rings her

Actus. I. Scena. 3.

Rosko (Lamias man) Lamia.

R Of. God people, did none of you, my mistresse Lamia see?
La. Rosko, what newes, that in such haste you come blowing?
Ros. Mistresse, you must shut vp your shops, & leaue your occupy.
La. What so they be, foolish knaue, tell mee true? (ing.)
Ros. Oh yll, so^r thirtie besydes you.
La. For mee good fellowe, I praye thee why so?
Ros. Be patient Mistresse, and you shall knowe,
La. So too, saye on:
Ros. Marrie, right nowe at the Sessions I was.
And thirtie must to Truffum corde go,
Among the which (I weape to shewe) alas:
La. Why, what's the matter man?
Ros. D Andringo,
For louing too kindlie, must loose his heade,
And his sweete hart, must weare the shamefull weedes;
Ordainde so^r Dames, that fall throug h fleshy deedes.

By

La. Is

The Historie

La. Is this offence, in question come againe?
Tell, tell, no more, 'tys tyme this tale were done:
Hæ, hæ, hewe swone, my triumphe turnes to paine.
Ros. Mistresse, you p[ro]mised to be quiet,
For Gods sake, for your owne sake, be so

La. Alas poore Rosko, our dayntie dyet,
Dur b[ea]uerie and all we must forgo.

Ros. I am sorie.

La. Yea, but out alas, forrowe wyll not serue:
Rosko, thou must needs prouide th[er]e else where,
My gaynes are past, yea, I my selfe might starue:
Hau[er] that, I did prouide for a deare yeare.

Ros. They rewarde sayze (their haruest in the stacke,)
When winter comes, that byd their seruaunts packe.
Alas Mistresse, if you turne me off now,
Better then a Roge, none wyll me allowe.

La. Thou shalt hauen a Palporte,

Ros. Yea, but after what sorte?

La. Why, that thou wart my man.

Ros. O the Judge, sylde shoues the fauour,
To let one therse, bayle another:
Lush I know, ere long you so wyll fly away,
As you, for your selfe, must seeke some testimony
Of your god lyfe.

La. Neuer feare: honestly

Lamis nowe meane to lyue, euen tyll she bye.

Ros. As iumpe as Apes, in vewe of Nuttes to damente,
Bytte wyll to kinde, of custome, or by chaunce:
Well, hewe so you stande vpon this holy poynt,
For the thing you knowe, you wyll icobarde a ioynt.

La. Admitte I woulde, my hazarde were in vaine.

Ros. Perhappes I know, to turne the same to gaine.

La. Thou comfozts me, god Rosko, tell me hewe?

Ros. You wyl be honest, 'twere syn to hinder you.

La. I dyd but ieast, god swete seruaunt tell me.

Ros. Swete seruaunt now, and late, pack syr, god bwyl ye.

La. Lush

of Promos and Cassandra.

La. Tush, to trye thy vnwillingnesse, I dyd but ieast.

Ros. And I do but trye, how long you woulde be honest.

La. I thought thy talkie was to swete to be true.

Ros. Pea, but meant you, to byd honestie adue?

La. No, I dyd so long since, but inforste by nede,

To byd him welcome heme againe, I was decrade.

Ros. Verie god, Mistresse, I know your minde,

And for your ease, this remedie I finde:

Dyng abroade, for playe fellowes and such,

For you Mistresse, I hearde of one Phallax,

A man estreme, of Promos verie much:

Of whose nature, I was so bolde to axe,

And I sinealit, he lou'd lase mutton well.

La. And what of this?

Ros. Marry of this, if you the waye can tell

To towle him home, he of you wyll be sayne:

Whose countenaunce, wyll so excuse your faultes,

As none for life, dare of your lyse complaine.

La. A goddeuice, God graunt vs god successe;

But I praye the, what trade doth he professee?

Ros. He is a paltrie petyfogger,

La. All the better, suspition wyll be the lesse.

Well, go thy wayes, and if thou him espye,

Tell him from me, that I a cause oz two,

Woulde put to him, at leysure Wyllinglie.

Ros. Hir case is so common, that smal pleading wyl serue,

I go (nay ronne) your commaundement to obserue.

La. Ay me alas, lesse Phallax helpe, poore wench vndone I am:

My soes no[n]e in the winde, wyll lye to worke my open shame:

Now envious eyes will prie abroade, offendres to intrap,

Of force now Lamia, must be chaste, to shun a moze mishap.

And wanton girle, how wilt thou lyst, for garments fine and gay:

For dainty fare, can crusts cōtent? who shal thy houserent pay?

And that delights the most of all, thou must thy daliaunce leauue:

And can then the force of lawe, oz death, thy minde of loue bereave:

In good faith, no: the wight that once, hath tast the fruits of loue,

Untill hir dyng daye will long, Sir Chaucers iesells to proue.

The scourge
of lawe
(and not
zeale) kee-
peth the
'cweide in
awe.

The Historie

Actus. i. Sce. 4.

Lamias mayde, *Lamia.*

M^Ay. Forsooth Mistris your thraule stayes for you at home,
La. Were you borne in a myll, curtole? you prate so bve:
May. The gentleman, that came the last day with Captain Prie.
La. What young *Hipolito*?
May. Cuen he.
La. Least he be gone, home hye:
And will *Dalia* pop him in the neather rōme,
And keepe the falling dōre close tyll I come:
And tell my thraule his fortune wyl not staye.
May. Wyll you ought else? *Exet.*
La. Pratyng viren away.
Gallants adue, I benter must *Hipolito* to ſe,
He is both young and welthy yet, the better spoyle for me,
My hazzard for his ſake I trewe, ſhall make him pray and pay:
He:he:ſhal pranck me in my plumes, and deck mee braue and gay,
Of Curtiſie, I praye you yet, if Phallax come this waye,
Report to put a case with him, heare *Lamia* long dyd ſtay.

Exet.

Actus. 2. Scena. 1.

Cassandra, a mayde.

*The force
of loue.*

C^Aſſ. Aye mee, unhappy wenche, that I must liue the day,
To ſee *Andruzio* tymeles dye, my brother and my kāy.
The onely meane, God wot, that ſhould our house aduaunce,
Who in the hope of his god hap, muſt dy through wanton chance:
O blynde affecções in loue, whose tormentes none can tell,
Yet wantons wyl byde fyre, and froſt, yea hazzard death, nay hell:
To taste thy ſowre ſweete frutes, digested ſtyll with care,
Howle fall thee loue, thy lightning ioyes, hath blaſted my welfare
Thou eyerſt affection fyſt, within my brothers brest.

Thou

of Promos and Cassandra.

Thou mad'st Pelina graunt him (earl) euē what he woulde request:

Thou mad'st him crave and haue, a profe of Venus meede,

For which soule act he is adiudgd, eare long to lose his heade.

The lawe is so leuere, in scourging fleshly sinne,

As mariage to worke after mends doth selome fauor win.

A lawe first made of zeale, but wrosted much am iis.

Faults shold be measured by desart, but all is one in this,

The lecher syerd with lust, is punished no more,

Then he which fel through force of loue, whose mariage saiuers his *executed*,

So that pore I dispayre, of my Andrugios lyfe,

I would my dayes myght end with his, soz to appease my styrle.

*A good
lawe yll.*

(force:

Actus.2.Scena.2.

Andrugio in prison,Cassandra.

An. By god Syster Cassandra,
Cass. Who calleth Cassandra?

An. Thy woulfull brother Andrugio,

Cass. Andrugio, Dismall day, what gréeses doe me attayle?
Condemned wretch to see thys here, fast fettered now in Tayle,
How hapys thy wits were witched so, y knowing death was meede
Thou wouldest commit (to slay vs both) this vyle lasciuious dæde.

An. D god Cassandra, leane to chek, and chide me thzaule therfore
If late repentaunce, wrought me helpe I woulde doe so no more.

But out alas, I wretch, too late, doe sorowe my amys,
Unles Lord Promos graunt me grace: in bayne is hadywiss,
Wherfore sweete sister, whylst in hope, my damped lyfe yet were,
Assaulte his hart, in my behalfe, with battering tyre of feares,
If thou by lufe doest sau me lyfe, it both our joyes will be,
If not it may suffice thou soughest, to set thy brother free:

Wherfore spedde to prouoge my dayes, to morrowne else I dye.

Cass. I wyll not sayle to please and praye, to purchase the mercye,

Farewell awhyle, God graunte mee well to speede.

An. Syster adew, tyl the returne, I lyue, twene, hope, and dreede.

Cass.

The Historie

Cas. Oh happy kyng, see where Lord Promos comest.
Now tongue addresse thy selfe, my minde to w^tay.
And yet least baske w^take waste, I hold it best,
In couert, soz some aduaantage, to stay.

Actus. 2. Scena. 3.

Promos with the Shriefe and their Officers.

Pro. Tis strange to thinke, whatswarms of vnb^th*if*ts live
Within this towne, by rapine spoyle and theft:
That were it not, that Justice ofte them greeve,
The iust mans goods, by Rustlers shoule be rest,
At this our Syse, are thirty iudgde to dye,
Whose falles I see, their fellowes smally feare:
So that the way, is by severity.
Such wicked wedes, even by the rootes to teare:
Wherfore Shriefe, execute with sped^y pace,
The damped wightes, to cutte of hope of Grace.

Shriefe. It shalbe done.

Cas. O cruell words they make my hart to bleede,
Now, now, I must, this dome seeke to reuoke,

Leaſt grace come ſhort, when ſtarued is the ſeede:

She kree-
ling spea-
kes to
Promos.
so her ſelfe
Hoff mighty Lord, i worthy Judge, thy iudgemēt sharpe abate,
Taile thou thine eares, to heare the plaint, that wretched I relate,
Behold the wofull Syster here, of poore Andrugio,
Thow thought that lawe awardeþ death, yet mercy do him shew:
Thay his yong yeares, the force of loue, which forced his amis,
Thay, thay, that Marizgo, workis amends, for what committed is,
He hath deſerve no nuptial bed, nor forced rape hath mou'd,
He fel through loue, who never ment, but wiue þ wight he lou'd.
And wātons ſure, to kepe in awe, theſe ſtatutes firſt were made,
Or none but luſtfull leachers, ſhould, with rygorous law be payd.
And yet to adde intent thereto, is farre from my pretence,
I ſue with teares, to wyu him grace, that ſorrows his offence.

Wherfore

of Promos and Cassandra.

Wherof ore herein, renowned Lord Justice with pittie payse:
Which two in equal ballance waide, to heau your fame will raise.
Pro. Cassandra, leue of thy bootesse sute, by law he hath bene tride,
Lawe founde his faulte, Lawe iudgde him death:

Cas. Yet this maye be replide,
That law a mischiefe oft permits, to keepe due forme of lawe,
That law small faultes, with greatest doomes, to keepe men styl in
Yet Kings, or such as execute, regall authozitie: (awe:
It mends be made, may ouer rule, the force of lawe with mercie.

Herc is no wylful murder wrought, which arcth blood againe,
Andrugios faulte may valued be. Marriage wipes out his stayne.

Pro. Faire Dame, I see y naturall zeale, thou bearest to Andrugio.
And soz thy sake (not his desart) this fauour wyl I shewe:

I wyll repriue him yet a whyle, and on the master palwe,
To morro' we you shall lycence haue, a fresh to pleade his cause:

Shrieve execute my chardge, but staye Andrugio,

Untill that you in this behalfe, more of my pleasure knowe.

Shri. I wyll perforeme your wyl:

Cas. O most worthy Magistrate, my selfe thy thall I finde,
Even soz this lytle lightning hope, which at thy handes I finde.

Now wyl I go and comfort him, which hangs twirt death & life. *Exe.*

Pro. Happy is the man, that intyoyes the loue of such a wife,
I do protest, hir modest wordes, hath wrought in me a maze.

Though sh be faire, sh is not brackt, with garish shewes for gaze,
Hir bewtie lures, hir lookes cut off, sondates with chaste disdain,

O God I fele a sodaine change, that doth my frendome chayne.

What didst thou say? sic Promos sic: of hir auoide the thought,
And so I will, my other cares wyll cure what loue hath wrought.

Come awaie. *Exeunt.*

Actus.2.Scena.4.

Phallax, Promos offycer, Gripax, and Rapax Promoters.

PHal. My trassy friendes about your busynesse straight,
With symple showes, your subtle meanings bayte:

Cj. Promote

The Historie

Promote all faults, by into my office,
Then turne me iose, the offenders to scree.
Gri. Tush, to finde latwe vzeakers let me alone,
I haue eyes, will looke into a Myslstone.

Phal. God a mercy Gripax.

Ra. And I am so subtyll fighted I frowe,
As I the very thoughts of men do know:

Gri. I sayth Rapax, what thought thy wife when she,
To lyue with the preess, by night stole from thare?

Ra. Harry the knewe, you and I were at square,
And least we sell to blowes, she did prepare
To arme my head, to match thy hozned hewe.

Gri. Goe and a knaue with the.

Ra. I say for you:

Phal. No harme is done, here is but blow for blow,
Byzds of a fether, best flye together,
Then like partners, about your markete goe,
Harroves abew, God sent you fayre wether.

Gri. Fare you well, for vs take no care,
With vs this brome speche silvome brædeth square. *Exemps.*

Phallax alone.

Phal. Harry syz, welfare an office, what some ouer it be,
The very countenaunce, is great, though Gender be the sex,
I thanke my god Lord Promos now, I am an officer made,
In sooth moore by hap then desart, in secrete be it sayde:

Office.

No force for that, each thyft for one, so Phallax will dor so,
Well fare a heab can take his tyme, nay watch for time I frow.
A note for way-gaters.
I smyle to thinke of my fellowes, how seime brane it, some waight,
And thinke reward, shere seruice iust, with offred shiffts wyl bayght
When they(poor soules) in trouth do falle a myle byyou account,
For flattery and seruent plesung, are meanees to make men mount,
I speake on p^rose, Lord Promos, I haue pleased many a day,
Yet am I neither learned, true, nor honest any way.
What skyls for that, by wit or wyle, I haue an office got,
By force wherof euery lycence, warrant, pattent, passport,
Lease, synge, see, et cetera, pas and repas, through Phallax hands,
Disordred persons byys me wel, to escape from iustis hands,

And

of Promos and Cassandra.

And welthy churles so to p; amote, I now haue set a wōke,
Such hungry lads, as sone will smell, where statute breakers lurk,
And if they come, within our Grype, we meane to kripe them so,
As (if they scape from open shame) their bagges with vs shall goe,
And trust me this, we officers, of this mylde mould are wrought,
Agre with vs, and sure your shame by vs shal not be sought:
But loſt a whyle, I ſee my Lord what makes him lowre ſo
I wyll intrude into his ſight, perhaps his graſe to knolle.

Aetus.2.Scena.4.

Phallax, Promos.

Pro. Well mette Phallax, I long hane wylt to shewe,
A cauſe to thee which none but I yet know.
Phal. Hay on my Lord, a happy man weare I:
If any way, your wiſh I could ſupply:
Pro. Faine wold I ſpeakē, but oh, a chylling feare,
(The cale is ſuch) makes me from ſpach forbeare.
Phal. These wordes my Lord (whome euer haue bene iulf)
Now makes me thinkē, that you my truthe miſtrūt.
But ceaſe ſuſpect, my wyl with yours ſhall grē,
What ſo (or againſt whome) your dealing be:
Pro. Againſt a wight of ſmall account it is,
And yet I feare, I haue my purpose myſ:
Phal. Feare not my Lorde, the olde Proverbe doth ſay,
Faynt harts doth ſteale fayre Ladys ſeld away.
Pro. Fayre Ladys D, no Lady is my loue,
And yet ſhe ſure, as coye as they wyl prove.
Phal. I thought as much, loue dyd torment you ſo,
But what is ſhe that dare ſayre Promos noe?
Pro. Doe what one can, ſyre wyl breaſte forth I ſee,
By words unwares, hath ſhown what greuueth me;
No wound is ſuch, as loue muſt be my leache,
Whiche cure wyl byng, my Craulty in ſpeeche.

The Historie

For what maye be, a folly of more note,
Then for to see, a man gray heard to doke;
Phal. No my Lord, Amor omnia vincit,
And Omnia sayth, *Forma numen habet.*
And for to prove, loues struice seemes the wise,
Set Sallamon and Sampson, before your eycs:
For wyt, and strenght, who wonne the chescast pris.
And both lym'd by the lawes loue did devise,
Whiche proves in loue, a certayne godhed lyes.
And Goddes rule yearly, by wisdom from the skyes:
Whose wyls (thinkē I) are wrought best by the wise.
In dede divine, I thinke loues working is,
From reasons vlc, in that my sences swarne,
In pleasure paine, in Payne I synde a blysse,
On woe I feede, in sight of fode I starne:
These strange effects, by loue are louyd in me,
My thoughts are bound, yet I am selfe am free.
Phal. Well my Good Lord, I are (with pardon sought)
Who she maye be, that hath your chauldome wrought?
Pro. The crample is such, as I sygh to shewe,
Syster she is, to vamped Andrugio.
Phal. All the better for you the game doth goe.
The prouerbe sayth, that he wyl unto kinde,
If it be true this comys, then I synde:
Cassandras flesh is as her brothers, knaple,
Then wyl she loupe, (in cheare) when Lords atayle.
Pro. The contrary (through feare) doth worke my paine,
For in her face, such modesty doth raigne,
As cuttes of louing sutes, with challe videsayne.
Phal. What loue wyl not, necessity shall gayne,
Her brothers lyfe, will make her glad and sayne.
Pro. What is it best, Andrugio free to set,
Crie I am sure, his sisters loue to gette?
Phal. My lotryng Lord, your seruauant meanes not so,
But if you will, else where in secret goe:
To worke your wyl, a chift I hope to shewe.

Pro. With

of Promos and Cassandra.

Pro. With ryght god wyll, for such my sicknes is,
As I shall dye, if her good will I myss. *Exeunt.*

Actus.2.Scena.5.

The Hangman, with a greate many ropes abought
his necke.

Ther wynd is yl, blowes no mans gaine, for cold I neide not care,
Here is nyne and twenty sutes of apparell for my share:
And some verlady very god, for so standeth the case,
As neyther gentelman, nor other Lord, Promos shelweth Grace.
But I marnell much poore slaves, that they are hanged so soone,
They were wont, to staye a day or two, now scarce an after noone:
All the better for the hangman, I pardons dreaded soze:
Would cutters saue, whose clothes are god, I never seard the pouse:
Let me se, I must be bappier in this my facultie,
Hearre are new ropes, how aye my knots, I faith syz slippery.
At fast or loose, with my Giprian, I meane to haue a call:
Denne to one I read his fortune by the Marymas fast,
Serg. A wary, what a star is this, to see men goe to hanging?
Hes. Harke, god bly ye, I must begone, the prisners are a coming.

Exit.

Actus.2.Scena.9.

Sixe prisoners bounde with cordes, Two Hacksters, one
Woman, one lyke a Giprian, the rest poore Roger, a Preacher,
with other Officers.

With harte and voyce to thee O Lorde,
At latter gaspe, for grace we crie:
Vnto our sutes, good God accorde,
Whiche thus appeale, to thy mercie.

They sing.

Cli^t For-

The Historie

Forsake vs nor, in this distresse,
Whiche vnto thee, our sinnes confesse:
Forsake vs not, in this distresse,
Whiche vnto thee, our sinnes confesse.

First Hackster. **H**Ac. Al sorte of men beware by vs, whom preset death assaultes,
Looke in your conscience what you find, & sorrow for your faultes:
Example take by our fresh harmes, see here the frutes of pride,
I so; my part deserved death, long ere my theste was spide,
D careles youth, lead, lead awrie, with enerie pleasing toy,
Note well my wordes, they are of worth, þ cause though my armoy,
Shun to be pranckt, in peacockes plumes, for gaze which only are,
Hate, hate, the dyce, even as the diuell, of wanton Dames beware:
These, these, wer they, þ suckt my welte, what soloided the in neede
I was intit by lawles men, on thauish spoyles to feste.
And nusled once in wicked deedes, I feard not to offende,
From bad, to worse, and worst I fell, I wold at leasure mende.
But oh presuming ouer much, Iyll to escape in hope,
My faultes were found, and I adiudgde, to totter in a rope:
To which I go with these my mates, likewise to; b:each of lawes,
For murder some, for theueris some, and some for little cause.

Second Hackster. Beware dare frends of quarelling, thirft spoiles of no mas breaþ,
Blood, areth blood, I shadng blood, vntymeite catch my death.

A woman. VVo. Maides & women, shun pride, & sloth, the rootes of every vice,
My death ere lōg, wil shew their ends, God graūt it make you wise.

A scoffing scatchpole. Ca. How now Gipian? All a mort knaue, for want of company?

The preacher. Be crustie man, þ Hargman straignt, wil reade Fortunes with thie.

A poore Roge. Prea. With this thy scoffing speach, good friend offend him not,
His faults are scorched, thine scape (perhaps) that do deserve his lot:

A chur-ch officer. Rog. Jesuſ sauſe me, I am cast, for a purse wiſh thre halfevene.

Of Dispatch prating knaue, and be hangd, þ we were iogging hēe.

¶They leſurablie depart synging. The Preacher whispering ſome one or other of the Prisoners ſtill in the earc.

Out

of Promos and Cassandra.

They sing.

Our secrete thoughts, thou Christ dost knowe,
Vvhome the worlde, doth hate in thrall.
Yet hope we that, thou wilt not see,
On whome alone, we thus do call.
Forlacke vs not, in this distresse,
Vvhich vnto thee, our sinnes confess,
Forsake vs not, &c.

Actus. 3. Scena. I.

Promos, alone.

Pro. Do what I can, no reason cooles desire,
The moze I strine, my fonde affections to tame:
The hoffer (oh) I fele, a burning fire
Within my brest, baine thoughts to forge and frame.
O straying effectes, of blinde affected Loue,
From wisdomes pathes, which both astrayre our wittes:
Which makes vs haunt, that which our harmes doth moue,
A sicknesse lyke, the Feuer Ettycke sittes:
Which shakes with colde, when we do burne like fire.
Ouen so in Loue, we frese, through chilling feare,
When as our hartes, doth frye with hole desire:
What saide I, lyke to Ettycke sittes, nothing neare:
In swkest Loue, some sweete is ever suckt.
The Louer findeth peace, in wrangling strife,
So that if paine, were from his pleasure plukt.
There were no Heauen, like to the Louers life.
But why stande I to pleade, their ioye or woe?
And rest vnsure, of hit I wish to haue.
I knowe not if Cassandra lone, or noz
But yet admyghte, she graunt nor what I cravz.
If I be lyee, to hit bzothe lyfe to givz:

¶

The Historie

Night
masters
right.

Hir brothers life, so much wyl make hir yecle,
I promise then, to let hir brother lyue:
Hath force enoughe, to make hir sive the fieldes.
Thus though late sayle, necessite shall wyn,
Of Lordlie rule, the conqueringe power is such:
But (oh sweete sight) see where she entres in,
Both hope and dreade, at once my harte doth tuch.

Aetus.3.Scena.2.

Cassandra, Promos.

Cassandra. **C**all. I see two thralles, sweete seumes a litle ioye,
Speaks to her selfe. For fancies free, Andrugios brest hath scope:
But least detract, doth rayse a new annoye,
I nowe will seeke to turne, to happe his hope.
See, as I wilsh, Lord Promos is in place,
Howe in my sute, God graunt I maye finde grace.
Shee kneeling speaks to Promos. Renowned Lord, whylist life in me doth last,
In homage bondes, I binde my selfe to thee:
And though I did thy goodnesse latelie take,
Yet once againe, on knees I mercie seeke:
In his behalfe, that hangeth twene death and life,
Who syll is preaste, if you the merdes do lecke:
His lawies loue, to make his lawfull wife.
Pro. Faire Dame, I wel haue wayd thy sute, & wyl to do thē god,
But all in vaine, al things conclude, to haue thy brothers blood:
The stricknes of the lawe condemynes, an ignoraunt abuse,
Then wylfull faultes are hardlie helpt, or cloked with excuse:
And what maye be more wylfull, then a Maide to violate.
Cal. The force was smal, when with hir wyl, he wretch y conquest
Pro. Lawe euer at the wroght, doth constre enyl intent. (gate.
Cal. And lawe euen with the wroght, awardeſ them punishment:
And sith that rigorouſ lawe adiudg'd him to dye,
Your glorie will be much the more, in showing him mercie.

The

of Promos and Cassandra.

The world wil think, how y^e you do, but graunt him grace on cause,
And where cause is, there mercy shoud abate the force of lawes.
Pro. Cassandra in thy brothers halle, thou hast sayde what may be
And for thy sake, it is, if I doe set Andrugio free:

Shoxt tale to make, thy beauty hath, sorayzed me with loue,
That maugre wit, I turne my thoughts, as blynd affections move.
And quite subdue by Cupids might, neede makes me sue for grace
To thee Cassandra, which doest holde, my frēdeine in a lace.

Peele to my will, and then comaund, euen what thou wilt of me,
Thy brothers life, and all that else, may with thy iissing grē.

Cas. And may it be, a Judge himself, the selfe same faulke shoulde vse: Cassandra
For which he comes, an others death, O crime without excuse. to his self.
Renowned Lo^rde, you vse this speach (I hope) your thzall to trye,
If other wise, my brothers life, so deare I will not bye.

Pro. Faire Dame my outward looks, my inward thoughts bewray,
If you mistrust, to search my harte, would God you had a kaye.

Cas. If that you loue (as so you saye) the force of loue you know,
Which fealt, in conscience you shoule, my brother fauour shew.

Pro. In doubtfull warre, one prisoner still, both set another frē.

Cas. What so warre s̄akes, loue unto warre, contrary is, you see.

Hate fostreth warre, loue cannot hate, then maye it couet force:

Pro. The Louer ofte sues to his foe, and findeth no remouer:

Then if he hap to haue a helpe, to wyn his frowarde foe,
To kinde a foile, I will him holde, that lets such vantage goe.

Cas. Well, to be shoxt, my selfe wyll dye, ere I my hono^r straine,
You know my minde, leate off to tempt, your offers are in vaine.

Pro. Betwink your self, at p̄ice inough I purchase sweet your loue,
Andrugios life suffis'd alone, your straungenes to remoue:

The which I graunt, with any wealth that else you wyll require.

Who buyeth loue at such a rate, payes well for his desire.

Cas. No Promos, no hono^r neuer at value maye be sold:

Hono^r farre dearer is then life, which passeth p̄ice of golde:

Pro. To buie this Juell at the full, my wife I may thes make:

Cas. For vnsure hope, that p̄ereles pearle, I never will for sake:

Pro. These sues seemes strange at first I see, wher modesty beares

I therfore wil set down my wyll, & for his answer staye. (sway, Tōbimſeſt)

D^r Faire

The Historie

Fayre Cassandra, the iuell of my ioye,
Howe so in shewe, my tale, seemes straunge to thee:
The same well waide, thou need'st not be so coye,
Yet for to give thee respite to agree.
I wyll two daies hope syll of thy consent,
V which if thou graunt (to cleare my clowdes of care)
Cloth'd like a Page (suspect for to preuent.)
Vnto my Court, some night, sweet wenche repaire.

Tyl then adua, thou these my wordes in woorkes perform'd shalt find.

Cas. Farewel my Lord, but in this sute, you bootes wast your wnde:
Cassandra, I most vnhappy, subiect to currie woe, (How?
What tonge can tel, what thought eevaine, what pen thy griefe can
Whom to scourge, Nature, heauē a earth, do heapes of thral o'dain,
Whose wordes in walte, whose woorkes are lost, whose wishes are in
That which to others cosort yelds, doth carse my henchær, (vain,
I meane my beautie brédes my bale, which many hold so dare.
I woulde to God that kinde else where, bestowed had this blaske,
My vertues then had wrought regard, my shape now giues y gasee
This forme so vromos fiers with Love, as wisdom can not quench.
His hote desire, tylle he lust, in Yenus leas hath drencht.

At these wordes Ganio must be readie to speake,

Aetus 3. Scena 3.

Ganio, Andrugios boye, Cassandra,

GA. Mistres Cassandra, my Master logis to heare of your god sp̄d,
Cas. Worse Ganio his death alas, fierce Fortune hath deead:
Ga. His death: God soȝyd, all his hope shoulde turne to such successe,
For Gods sake, no and comfort him, I sorowbe his distresse.
Cas. I n̄edes must go, although with heawy chāre.
Ga. Sir, your syster Cassandra is here, Exit.

Aetus,

of Promos and Cassandra.

Actus.3.Scena.4.

Andrugio out of prison, Cassandra on the stage.

AN. My Cassandra what newes, god sister shewe?
Cas. All thinges conclude thy death Andrugio:
Prepare thy selfe, to hope it ware in vaine.
An. By death, alas what rayzed this new distayne?
Cas. Not Justice zeale, in wicked promos sure:
An. Sweete, shewe the cause, I must this doome indure?
Cas. If thou dost live I must my hono; lose,
Thy raunsome is, to promos fleshly wyll
That I do yelde: then which I rather chose,
With tormentes sharpe, my selfe he first shoule kyll:
Thus am I bent, thou lack thy death at hand,
I would my life, woulde satisfie his yre,
Cassandra then, wold cancell sone thy band.
An. And may it be a Judge of his account,
Can spot his minde, with lawles loue or lust?
But more, may he doome any fault with death?
When in such saute, he findes himselfe iniust.
Hyster, that wise men loue we often see,
And where loue rules, gainst thornes doth reason spurme.
But who so loues, if he rejected be,
His passing loue, to peuiish hate will turne.
Deare sister then, note how my fortune stands,
That promos loue, the like is oft in vse:
And sith he craue, this kindnesse, at your hands,
Thinke this, if you his pleasure do refuse.
I in his rage(pore wzech) shall sing reccane.
Here are two euyls, the best harde to digest,
But where as things are diuen unto necessity,
There are we byd, of both euyls chose the least:

D.¶

And

The Historie

Cas. And of these euile, the least, I hold is death,
To shun whose dart, we can no meane deuise,
Yet honor lyues, when death hath done his wort,
Thus faire then lyfe is of farre moze emprise:
An. Nay Cassandra, if thou thy selfe submyt,
To sauе my life, to promos fleshly wyll,
Injlice wyll say, thou dost no cryme commit:
For in forst faultes is no intent of yll.
Cas. How so th' intent, is construēd in essence,
The Proverbe saies, that tenne god turnes lye dead,
And one yll daðe, tenne tymes beyonde pretence,
By eniuious tongues, report abzode doth spzead
Andrugio so, my fame, shall ballewed be,
Dispite wyll blase my cryme, but not the cause:
And thus although I sayne would set thē free,
Poor wench I feare, the grype of flaunders pawes.
An. Nay sweete sister more flaunder would insame,
Pour spotles lyfe, to reaue your brothers bzeath:
When you have powre, soz to enlarge the same,
Once in your handes, doth lye my lyfe, and death,
Wylay that I am, the selfe same flesh you are,
Thinke I once gone, our house will goe to wack:
Knowe forced faultes, soz flaunder neede not care:
Looke you soz blame, if I quaille through your lack.
Consider well, my great extremitie,
If other wise, this doome I could reuoke:
I would not spare, soz any ieberdyne:
To free thee wench, from this same heawy yoke.
But ah I see, else, no way sauēs my life.
And yet his hope, may further thy consent,
He sayde, he maye percase make thee his wife,
And tis likelie, he can not be content
With one nights joyce if loue he after seches,
And I dischargd, if thou aloses then be,
Before he lose thy selfe, that so he leakes,
No dought but he, so mariage, wyll agree.

Cas. And

of Promos and Cassandra.

Cas. And shall I ticke to stoupe, to promos wyll,
Since my b^rother intorgeth lyfe thereby?
No, althought it doth my credit kyll,
Gre that he shoud, my selfe woulde chuse to dye.
By Andragio, take comfozt in distresse,
Cassandra is wonne, thy raunsome great to paze,
Such care she hath, thy thraldome to relace:
As she consentes, her hono^r for to slay.
Farewell, I must, my virgins weedes forzake:
And lyke a page, to promos lewde repayze. *Exit.*
An. My god sister to God I thee betake,
To whome I pray, that comfozte change thy care.

Actus.3.Scena.5.

rballax alone.

PHal. Tis more then straunge, to see Lord Promos plight,
He fryskes abought, as byrdes ware in his brecch.
Euen now he seemes (throughe hope) to taste delight,
And straight (throughe feare) where he clawes it doth not ysch.
He musech now, strayght wayes the man doth sing.
(A sight in sooth, unseemely for his age:)
He longing looks, when any newes shal bring,
To speake with him, without there waytes a page,
Swoyth wit (fyt for a Judges head)
Unto a man to chanage a shifles mayde,
Wyncke not on me, twas his, and not my deede:
His, nay, his rule, this Metamorphos made,
But Holla tongue, no moze of this I pray,
Non bonus est, Indere cum sanctis.
The quietest, and the thystiest course they say,
Is, not to checke, but prayle great mens awys,
I finde it true, for soothing promos baine:
None lyke my selfe, is lykite in his conceyte,

Dy

While

The Historie

While favour last, then god, I figh for; gaine:
(For Grace wyll not byte alwayes at my bayte)
And as I wish, at hande, god ffortune, see:
Here comes phallax, and Gripax, but what's this,
As good, as sayre handfull, God graunt it bee:
The knaues bring a Woman, *Coram nobis.*

Actus.3. Scena.6.

¶ Phallax, Gripax, Rapax, a Bedell, and one with a browne Byll,
bring in Lamia, and Rosko his man.

(ware,

L.A. Teare not my clothes my friends, they cost more thē you are a
Be. Tush, son you shal haue a blewe gown, soz these take you no care
Ro. If she tolke thy offer pore knaue, thy wife would starue w cold:

Gri. Well syz, whipping shall kepe you warme.

Phal. What meanes these knaues to scorde.

Ra. Maister phallax, we finde you in god time,

A Woman here, we haue brought before you:

One to be chargde with many a wanton crime.

Which tryall will, with prese inough finde true:

A knaue of birs, we haue stayed likewise,

Both to be vs'd, as you shall vs aduse.

Phal. What call you hit name?

Ra. Lamia.

Phal. Faire Dame, hereto what do you saye?

La. Wo;shipfull Sir, my selfe I happy reake,

With patience that my aunswere you will heare:

These naughtie men, these wordes on mallice speake,

And for this cause, yll wyll to me they beare.

I scoznde to kepe, their mindes with money playe,

I meane to kepe, my life from open shame,

Pea, if I lyu'd, as lewdlie as they saye:

But I that knewe, my selfe unworthy blame:

Sbrunk not, to come unto my triall nowe,

My tale is tolde, conceyue as lyketh you.

Phal. My

of Promos and Cassandra.

Phal. My friends, what proose haue you against this dame?
Speake on sure ground, least that you reape the shame:
The wrong is great, and craves great recompence.
To touch her honest name, without offence.

Gri. All *Julio* *Syz* doth ryng of her lewd lyfe?
Byl. Indede she is knowne for an yde buswife.

Roi. He lyes, she is occupied day and night.

Phal. To swere against her is there any wight?

Ra. No, not present, but if you do defayne her,
There wilbe found by oþer, some that wyll stayne her.

Phal. I se she is then on suspition stayne:
Whose faultes to search, vpon my charge is layde,
From charge of her I therfore will set you frée,
My selfe will search her faultes if any be,

A Gods name you may depart.

2 or. 3. speake, Godwy *Syz*.

Gri. In such gaires as this, henceforth I will begin,
For all is his, in his claves, that commeth in.

Exempt.

Phal. Fayze *Lamis*, since that we are alone,

I plairely wyll discourse to you my minde,

I thinke you not to be so chaste a one,

As that your lyfe, this fauoz ought to fynde:

No force, for that, since that you stot frē goe,

Unpunished, whose life is iuged yll:

Yet thinke (through loue) this grace the Judge doth shew,
And loue with loue ought to be answered styll.

La. Indede I graunt (although I could repone,
Their lewde Cemplayntes, with godnesse of my lyfe)

Your curtsey, your dexter doth me yrone,

In that you tooke (my honest fame in stryse,)

My aunswere for discharge of their repozt:

For which god turne, I at your pleasure ref²,

To wortke amends, in any honest sort:

Phal. Away with honesty, your answere then in lossh,

Fytes me as lumpe as a pudding a friars mouth.

28

The Historie

Ros. He is a craftie childe, da'ly, but do not.

La. Ta'ch, I warrant thee, I am not so whot,
Your wordes are to barde Sir, for me to conster.

Phal. T'en to be sh'c, your rare bewtie my hart hath wounded so,
As (sa' your loue, become my leach) I sure shall die with woe.

La. See no signe of death, in your face to appeare,
See out some usuall qualme you haue, pitifull Dames to feare.

Phal. Faire Lamia, trust me I faine not, betimes bestow som grace.

La. Well, I admit it so, onelie to ar que in your case.

I am married, so that to set your loue on me were vaine:

Phal. It suffiseth me, that I may your secrete friend remaine.

Ros. A holie Yode, makes not a Frier deuoute,

He will playe at small game, or he sitte out.

La. Though soz pleasure, or to proue me, these prokers you do moue,
You are to wise, to hassarde life, vpon my yeelding loue:

The man is painde with present death, that vseth wanton pleasure.

Phal. To scape such paine, wise men, these ioyes, without suspeçā
Furthermore, I haue ben(my Girle) a Lawier to tw̄ lōg: (measure.
If at a pinche, I cannot w̄est the Law from right to w̄ong.

La. If lawe you do professe, I gladlie craue,

In a cause or two, your aduise to haue.

Phal. To resolute you, you shall commaunde my shyll.

Wherfore like friendes, lets common in god w̄yl.

La. You are a merie man, bot leauē to ieat,

To morrowe night, if you will be my Seast:

At my poore house, you shall my causes knoewe,
For god cause, which I meane not here to shewe.

Phal. Willinglie, and soz that, haste calles me hence,
My sute tyll then, shall remaine in suspence:

Farewell Clyent, to morrow loke soz me: Exit.

La. Your god welcome Sir, your best cheere will be.

Ros. I tolde you earst, the nature of phallax,

Money, or faire Women, workes him as ware:

And yet I must commend your sober cheere,
You tolde your tale, as if a Saint you were.

La. Well

of Promos and Cassandra.

La. Well/in secrēte, be it sayde) bo w so I sēmd diuine,
I feared once, a blew gowne, would haue bene my shzine.
But nowe that paine is dead, and pleasure kēpes his holde,
I knowe that phallax will, my fame henceforth vpholde:
To entertaine which Geast, I will some dayntie chere prepare,
Yet ere I go, in pleasant Song, I meane to purge my care.

Adue poore care, adue,
Go, cloye some helpeles wretche:
My life, to make me r̄ue,
Thy forces do not stretche.

The Song.

Thy harbor, is the harte,
Whom wrong, hath wrapt, in woe:
But wrong, doth take my parte,
VVith cloke of right in shooe.

My faultes, inquirie scape,
At them the Judges winke:
Those for my fall that gape,
To shewe my lewdnesse shrinke.

Then silly care go packe,
Thou art no Geast for mee:
I haue, and haue, no lacke,
And lacke, is shrowde for thee.

Exeunt.

Athus.3.Scena.7.

Cassandra, apparellē like a Page.

Caſ. Unhappy wretche, I bluſh my ſelſe to ſee,
Apparellē thos monſtrous to my kindē:
But oh, my woes, wyl with my fault agrē,
When I haue pleaſe, lewde promos leſhylic minde.

Eſt

What

The Historie

What shall I do, yo proffer what he soughte
D; on moze sake, shall I giue my consent?
The best is sure, since this must nedes be wronght:
I go, and Howe, neide makes me to his benc.
My flubbes of teares, from true intent whiche cloe,
Maye quenche his lase, or ope his mused eyen,
To see that I deserve to be his wife:
Though now constrainde to be his Concubine.
But so, or no, I must the vent er give,
No daunger feares the wight, prickt forth by neide:
And thus lyke one moze glad to dye, then iue,
I forswarde set, God graunt me well to spade.

Exit.

Actus 4. Scena. 1.

Dalia, Lamias Maide, going to market.

DA. With my Mistresse, the wrold is chaunged well,
She feare of late, of whipping therre to smelk,
And nowe againe, both gallant, fresh and gaye,
Who in Iulio flauntes it out, lyke Lamia?
A luckie friende(yea,one that beareth swaye)
Is nowe become, a proppe, of such a fayre:
To hir god name, as whi is he dare saye:
That Lamia doeth offend, nowe any waye?
This, hir god friende, wyll be hir Beast this night,
And that he maye in his welcome delyght,
To market I, in hastie, am sent to buye,
The best cheare, that I fasten on my eye.

Fair.

Actus

of Promos and Cassandra.

Actus.4.Scena.2. 2.

Promos alone.

PRO. By profe I finde, no reason coles desire,
Cassandrae sute, suffised to remoue
My leide request, but contrarie, the fire,
Hir teares inflam'd, of lust, and filthy Loue.
And hauing thus, the conquest in my handes,
No prayer seru'ce to worke restraint in me:
But needes I woulde bathe the precious bandes,
Of this sayre Dames spotles Virginitie.
The spagle was swete, and wonne even as I woulde,
And yet vrgainde, syll I had giuen my trothe,
To marie her, and that hir brother shalde
Be fre from death, all which I boonde with oathe:
It releth nowe (vnlesse I wrongh her much)
I kepe my bowe: and shall Andrugio lyuer
Such grace woulde me, with vnindifferencie tuch.
To pardon him, that dyd commit a Rape,
To set him fre, I to Cassandra sware:
Bot no man else, is prizite to the same,
And rage of Loue, for the thousande oathes nyll sparre,
Moore then are kept, when gotten is the game.
Well, what I sayde, then Louer like I sayde,
Hewe reason sayes, unto thy credite loke:
And hauing well, the circumstaunes wayde,
I finde I must, vnsware the oathe I tooke:
But double wrongh, I so shold do Cassandra:
No force for that, my might, commandeth right,
Hir preue maime, hir open cryes will staye:
Dy if not so, my frowning will hit frighe,
And thus shall rule, conceale my althy dæde,
Hewe foorthwith, I wyl to the Gayler sende,
That secretelie Andrugio he behead,
Tilhys head he shall, with these same wordes commend.

The Historie

To Cassandra, as Promos promist thee,
From prison loe, he sendes thy Brother free.

Actus.4.Scena.3.

Cassandra.

As Fayne wold I wretched conceale, the spoyle of my virginity,
But O my gilt doth make me blush, chaste virgins here to see:
I monster now, no mayde nor wile, haue scoups to promos lust,
Wher cause was nether sute nor teares, could quench his wanton thurst
What cloke wyl scule my crime: my selfe, my conscience doth accuse
And shall Cassandra now be termed, in common speche, a scroves:
Shall she, whose vertues bare the bell, be calld a vicious dame?
O cruell death, nay bell to her, that was constrainyd to shame:
Alas few wyll give forth I synd, to save my brothers lyle:
And saynly I through promos othes, do bope to be his wife.
For louers feare not how they sticke, to wyn a Lady faire,
And hauing wonnie what they did wish, soz othes nor Lady care,
But be he iust or no, I joy Andrusis yet shal lyue,
But ah, I see a light, that doth my hart a Sunder ryue.

Actus.4.Scena.4.

Gaylor, with a dead mans head in a charger. Cassandra.

Gay. This present wilbe Calle I know, to sayre Cassandra,
Pet if she knewe as much as I, most swete I dare well say,
In god tyme, see where she doth come, to whiche my arrand is:
Cas. Alas his hasty pace to me, sholues some what is amys.
Gay. Sayre Cassandra my Lord Promos, commends hym unto the,
To kepe his word, who sayes from prison he sendes thy brother fré.
Cas. Is my Andrusis done to death:ye, spe o' saythles trut,
Gay. Be quiet Lady, law found his fault, she was his iudgement iust
Cas. Well

of Promos and Cassandra.

Cas. Wel my god friend, how Promos this, since law hath don this
I thank him yet, he would vouchsaf on me my brothers head, (Ode)
Loe this is all now gene me leue to rew his losse alone.

Gay. I wyll perfoyme your will, and wish you cease your mone.

Cast. Fare well.

Gay. I sure had showen what I had done, her feares I pittied so,
But that I wayde, that women syld, do dye with græfe and woe,
And it behoues me to be secret or else my neck verste run,
Well now to pack my dead man hence, it is bye lyne I run.

Cas. Is he past sight, then haue I time to wayle my woes alone,
Andrugio, let mee his thy lippes, yet ere I fall to mone.

I would that I could wast to teares, to wash this bladdie face,
Whiche fortune farre beyond desart hath followed with disgrace.

Promos false, and most vnkinde, both spoyld of loue and rath,
Promos thou dost wound my hart, to thynke on thy vnfrath,

Whose pylghted layth, is tournd to frawd, & wordes to works vnjust
Why doe ḡ lyue unhappy wench, syth treason quites my trus,

Death deuorle me wretch at once, from this same worldly lyfe,
But why do I not slay my selfe, for to appeale thys styrle?

Perhaps within this wombe of myne, an other Promos is:

I se by death shalbe auengd of him in murching his,
And ere I am assured that, I haue reuengd this deede,

Shall I dispatch my lothed life, that hal, weare more then spāde,
So promos would triumphe that none his Tiranny shold know,

No, no this wicked fact of his so lightly shall not goe:
The king is iust and mercytfull, he doth both heare and sē:

See mens defarts, heare their complaynts, to Judge with equity,
My wosfull case with spāde, I wyll unto his grace addresse,

And from the first, vno the last, the truth I wyll confesse,
So Promos thou, by that same lawe shalt lose thy bated breth,

Through þeач wherof, thou didst condemne Andrugio unto death
So doing yet, the wozd will say I vsoke Dianes lawes, (cause:

But what of that: no shame is myne, when truth bath showne my
I am resolued, the king shall knowe of Promos injury,

Vere I goe, my brother's head, I wyll engraued see.

Exit.

E.ij Actus. 4.

The Historie

Actus.4.Scena.5.

Gayler, Andrugio.

Gay. Andrugio, as you loue our liues, forthwith post you away.
For Gods sake to no louning friend, your safety yet bewraye:
The proverbe sayth, two may kepe counseil if that one be gone.
An. Assure thy selfe, most faithful friend, I wylbe knowne to none:
To none alas, I see my scape yeldes me but small relefe,
Cassandra, and *Polina* wyl destroye themselnes, with greefe:
Through thought y I am dead: they dead, to live what helpeth me?
Gay. Leave of these plaints of smal availle, thank God y you are free,
For God it was, within my mind, that did your safety moue,
And that same God, no doubt wyl worke for your and their behoue:
An. Most faithful friend, I hope that God, wyl worke as you do say,
And therfore, to some place unknowne, I wyl my selfe conuaye,
Gayler, fare wel: for the god dade, I must remayne thy debter,
In meane whyle yet receyue this gyft, tyll fortune sends a better:
Gay. God bwy syz, but kepe your maner, your need you do not know:
An. I pas not now for fortunes threats, yea though hit force she shal
And therfore I stek not to receyue this smale reward in part.
Gay. I wyl not sure, such proffers leauie, tis time you doe depart.
An. Since so thou wylt, I wylbe gone adue tyl fortune smite. *Exi.*
Gay. Hye, fare you wel, I wyl not sayle to pray for you the while,
Well, I am glad, that I haue sent him gone,
For by my sayle, I lyd in perlous feare:
And yet God wot, to se his bytter mone,
When he shold dye, wold force a man to beare,
From harming him, if Pitty might beare sway:
But so how God bath wrought for his safetys
A dead mans head, that suffered th'other day,
Makes him thought dead, through out the citie,
Such a iust, god and righteous God is he:
Althoough awhyde he let the wicked raygne,
Yet he relenes, the wretched in misery,

End

of Promos and Cassandra.

And in his pyde, he throwes the tyraunt downe;
I use these wordes, vpon this onely thought,
That promos long his rod can not escape:
Who hath in thought, a wylfull murder in dought,
Who bath in act performd a wicked rape,
Gods wyl be done, who well *Andragio* speue,
Once well I hope, to heare of his god lucke,
For God thou knowest my conscience dyd this deue,
And no desire of any wroldly much. *Eue.*

Actus. 4. Scena. 6.

Dalia from Market.

DA. In god sweete swith, I feare I shalbe shent,
It is so long: since I to market went,
But trust me, mydewolfe are such costly geare,
Specially, woodcoks, out of reason deare,
That this houre, I haue the market bett,
To dñe a bargayne to my most profyt:
And in the end I chaunst to light on one,
Hyt me as pat, as a pudding *rope lone*.
Other market maydes pay dwine for their meate,
But that I haue bought, on my score is set.
Well fare credit when mony ranneth low,
Harry yet, Butchers, the which do credit so:
(As much Good meate, as they byll) may perchaunce,
Be glad and sayne at herping cobs to bounce.
What force is that: every man shal for one,
For if I starue, let none my fortune mone,
She saynes to goc out,

Actus.

The Historie
Actus. 4. Scena. 7.

Grimball, Dalia, eyther of them a Basket.

Gri. Hosome Dalia, a sworde with you, I praye.

Da. What friend, Grimbale, welcome as I maye saye:

Gri. Sayst thou me so, then kyss me fo: acquaintaunce.

Da. If I lyke your manhode, I may do so perchaunce.

She faynes to looke in his basket,

Gri. Gate me an ase, quoth Boulton, Lush, your minde I know:
Ah syz, you would be like, let my Cocke Sparrowes goe.

Da. I warrant the Grimbale. She takes out a white pudding;

Gri. Laye off handes Dalia,

You polute me, if that you got, my Pudding alwaye:

Da. Nay god swete, honny Grimbale, this Pudding give me.

Gri. Ich were as god gate hir, for she wyl hate, I see.

Well, my nolyn god harte rote, I frelie give thee this,

Upon condition, that thou give me a kys.

Da. Nay, but first wash your lippes, with sweete water you shall,

Gri. Why ych was ryse now, for my Pudding, bony sweet Grimbale;

Well Dalia, you will floute so long, tyll (though I saye)

With kindnesse you wyl cast a proper handsome man away,

Wherefore sote Connyn, even a lyttle spurte:

Da. Laye off handes Sir:

Gri. God do not byfe, for ych meane thee no hurte:

Come off Pyggelnie, prefare me not a iote,

Da. What woulde the god sole haue,

Gri. Why, you wot whote,

Hearke in your eare:

Da. You shall commaunde, is proper a man ye are.

That for your sake, I wyl not sticke to ware:

A blew Cassoche, during my lyfe forswithe,

Mary for my sake, I woulde be verie lothe:

No godlie a handsome man, shoulde lose his head.

Gri. Nay,

of Promos and Cassandra.

Gri. Nay, for my head, care not a Tinkers tode,
For so God iudge me, and at one bate worde:
Ile lose my death, yea, and my great vzelvne Colwe,
I loue you so filthilie: law ye nowe.

Da. Thou sayest valiantlie, nowe sing, as well twē:
And thou shalt quicklie knowe, what I meane to do.

Gri. Yes by Gogs fote, to pleasure thee, ych shall,
Both syng, spring, fight and playe, the dewl and all.

Da. D lustilie:

The Song.

Gri. Come smack me, come smack me, I long for a smouch,

Da. Go pack thee, go pack thee, thou filthie fine slouch.

Gri. Leard howe I loue thee,

Da. This can not moue mee:

Gri. Why pretie Pygney, my harte, and my honny?

Da. Because godman Hogsface, you woe without mony.

Gri. I lacke mony, chy graunt,

Da. Then Grimball auaunt.

Gri. Cham yong sweete hart, and feate, come kyss me for loue,

Da. Crokeshanke, your Jowle is to great, such lyking to moue.

Gri. What meane you by this?

Da. To leaue thee by gys.

Gri. First smack me, first smack, I dye for a smouch,

Da. Go pack thee, go pack thee, thou filthy fine slouch.

Exit.

Gri. Dalia, arte thou gone? what wolt serv me soe

Da. God, cham readie to raye my selfe for woe:

Be valiaunt Grimball, kyll thy selfe man!

Pay, bum Ladie, I will not by Saint Anne,

Ich haue hearde my great Grandier saye:

Maide will saye naye, and take it: and so she maye,

And therfore chyll, to Mistresse Lamia,

With these Puddings, and Cock Sparowes, by and by:

And in the darke, againe, ych wyll hit trye.

Exit.

If I

Allay,

The Historie

Actus.5.Scena.1.

Phallax alone.

PHal. I maruell much what woxketh so my Lord Promos vntress,
He fares as if a thousand Deuils, were gnawing in his brest:
There is sure some worme of griece, that doth his conscience nip,
For since Andrugio lost his head, he hath hung downe the lippe.
And truth to say, his fault is such as well may greue his mynd,
The Devill himselfe could not haue vsde, a practise more unkind.
This is once, I loue a woman, for my life, as well as he, (me.
But (fayre dames) with her that loues me, I deale well with, trust
Well, leue I now my Lord Promos, his owne deedes to aunswere,
Lamia I know looks, and double looks, when I come to supper:
I thought as much; for, to seeke me, heare comes her Aple squier.

Actus.5.Scena.2.

Rosko. Phallax,

Ros. O that I could find Master Phallax, the meat burnes at y fire:
And by your leauue, Andrugios death, doth make my mistris sweate.

Phal. How now Rosko?

Ros. If you sy: my mistris doth intreate,
That withall spede, your worship will come away to supper:

The meate and all is ready to set upon the boarde sy:.

Phal. Gramercy for thy paynes, I was euuen comming to her.

Ros. You are the welcomist man alye to her I know,
And trust me at your commaundement remayne thys Rose Rosko.

Phal. It is honestly sayd, but now tell me,
What quality hast, that I may vs the.

Ros. I am a Warbour, and when you please sy:,
Call (and spare not) for a cast of rose water.

Phal. But heare me, canst thou heale a grēne wound well?

Ros. Yea, grēne and ould.

Phal. Then thy best were to dwel,

In

of Promos and Cassandra.

In some vsuall place or strete, where, through frayes,
Thou mayst be set a wozke with wounds alwayes,
Ros. I thanke my Mistres I haue my hands full,
To trym gentelmen of her acquayntaunce:
And I trust Syz, if that your worship chaunce,
To haue neede of my helpe, I shall earne your mony,
Afore an other.

Phal. That thou shalt truly:

But syrra, where dwells Lamia?

Ros. Euen heare syz, enter I pray.

Phal. That I wyl sure, if that my way be cleare,

Ros. Yes sir, her doores be open all the yeare.

Exeunt.

Actus.5.Scena.3.

Polina, (*the mayde, that Andrugio
lon'd) in a blew gowne,*

PO. Polina curst, what dame a lyue hath cause of griefe lyke thē
Who(wonne by loue) hast yeld the spoyle of thy virginite:
And he soz to repayre thy same, to marry thē, that vowe,
Is dene to death soz first offence, the second mends not lowde.
Great shame redounds to thē, O Loue, in leauing vs in thzall:
Andrugio and Polina both, in honoryng thē did falle.
Thou so dydyst witch our wits, as we from reason strayed quight,
Provockt by thē, we dyd refuse, no bauntinge of delight:
Delight, what did I say:nay death, by rash and sowle abuse,
Alas I shanie to tell thus much, though loue doe wozke excuse,
So that(sayze dances) from such consent, my accydents of barne,
Forewarneth you, to keepe aloſe though loue your harts do arme,
But ah Polina, whether runnes thy wozds into advise,
When others harmes, inforſt by loue, could never make the wise,
The caufe is plaine, for that in loue, no reason stands in stade,
And reason is the onely meane, that others harmes we breade.
Then, that the wozld were aſter may, to loue infere my yll,
Andrugios Combe with dayly teares, polina wo:hip wyll.

Fy

And

The Historie

And further more I bowde, whylst life in me doth foster breth,
No one shall vaunt of conquered loue, by my Andrugios death,
These shameful wedes, which fo^rst I were that men my fault may
Whilst that I live, shall shew I mo^re fo^r my Andrugio, (know:
I wyll not byde the sharpe assaultes, from sugred words I sent,
I wyll not trust to careles othes, which often wyn consent:
I wyll cut off occasions all, which hope of myrth may move,
With ceasles teares yle quench each cause, y^e kindleth coles of loue:
And thus tyl death Polina wyll estrange her selfe from ioy,
Andrugio, to reward thy loue which dyd thy life destroy. *Exit.*

Act. 5. Scena. 4.

Rosko alone.

RO. A sy^r, in sayfth, the case is alred quight,
By misbris late that liued in wretched plig^t:
Byds care adue and evry cause of woe,
The feare is fled, which made her sozrow so,
Master Phallax so vnder props her fame,
As none fo^r lyfe dare now her lewdnes blame.
I feare (nay hope) she hath bewicht him so,
As haulfe his brybes, unto her share will goe:
No force fo^r that, who others doth deceyue,
Deserves himselfe, lyke measure to receyue.
Well, leaue I Lamia, fo^r her selfe to p^ray,
Better then I can sholue, who kni^wes the way:
It stands me on, fo^r my p^rore selfe to shyft,
And I have founde a helpe at a dead lyfte:
My ould friende Grivbals purce, with pence is full,
And if I empty it not, Dalia wull.
The slauering sole, what he can ras and rend,
(He lones her so) vpon the fylth wyl spend:
But bye your leaue, yle barre her of this match,
My net and all is set, the sole to catch.

of Promos and Cassandra.

Forsyth before his amorous sute he moue,
He must be trim'd to make her moze to loue.
And in god sooth, the wo:ld shal hardly fall,
But that he shalbe washt, pould, shau'd and all:
And se the luck, the fols is fast I kno:w,
In that with Rowke he doth so sadly goe.

Scena, 5. Grymball, Rowke, Rosko.

Grym. God bozes, as sayst, when somewhat handsome ch'am,
I sayth she wyl come off soz very shame:

Row. Pea without doubt soz I stneare by saynt Anne:
My selfe loues you, you are so cleane a youngman.
Grim. Nay, thou woulst say so, when my face is fayre walst,

Ros. God luck a Gods name, the wodcocke is malst.
Row. And who Barbes ye Grymball.

Grim. A dapper knaue, one Rosko.

Ros. Well letherface, we shall haue you alle ere you goe.

Row. I know him not, is he a deaft barber?

Grim. O, yea, why he is Miseris Lamias powler,
And looke syra, yen is the lytteli knaue.

How dost Rosko?

Ros. Whope, my eye sight God saue,
What ould Grymball, welcome, sit you downe heare,

Boy:

Boy. Anon.

Ros. Way leanes in warme water, quick, bring cleane gcare,

Boy. Strayght.

Row. As thou sayd'st Grymball, this is a feate knaue indeede,

Ros. How say'st oyntments soz a scab, do you neede?

Row. Scab, leury Jack, ile set you a worke Syz.

Grim. Nay gogs foote, god nowe, no moze of this sur.

Row. I sayth Barber, I wyll pyck your teeth straignt.

Ros. Nay, to pick my purse, I feare thou deſt wayght,

Row. Pea, gogs hart,

Grim. Nay, gogs foote,

Boy in the
house.

¶ 16

Ros. Now

The Historie

Ros. Howe come Ruffen.

Grim. Leue, if you be men.

Yeaue ye me nowe: be friendes, and by my frothe,
Chill spende a whole quarte of Ale on you bothe.

Ros. Well, masse Grimbald, I lytle thought I was,
You woulde be brought a knaue, to bise me thus.

Grim. Why, knowest him not? why it is lustie Rowke.

Ros. A strong thase, I warrant him by his loke.

Row. Go to Barber, no more, least Copper you catch.

Grim. What? will giue thy nose a wape? beware that match.

Boy brings water. For thy sake no Copper, unlesse be heare.

Boy. Master, here is delicate water, & cleane geare.

Exit.

Ros. Well, to quiet my bothe, and for Grimbalds sake,
If it please you, as friendes, we handes will shake.

Grim. I, I, so so:

Row. And for his sake I agrē.

Grim. Well then, that we may drinke, straight wayes wash me.

Ros. God syr, here's water as swete as a Rose,
Howe whyle I wash, your eyes harde you must close.

Grim. Thus?

Ros. Harder yet:

Grim. O, thus:

Ros. Bea marry, so.

Howe syra, you knowe what you have to doe:

Rowke cuttes Grimbalds purse.

Ros. Winke harde, Grimbald.

Grim. Yes, yes, I shall.

Row. Heare's the toothpick, and all. Exit.

Ros. Departe then tyll I call.

Verie well syr, your face, is gayly cleane;

Were your teeth nowe pickt, you maye bise a queane!

Grim. Sayst thou me so? God nowe dispatch and awage!

I euen fysshell, untyll I smouch Dalia.

Ros. O do you so? I am right glad you tell,

I else had thought, had bene your teethe dyd smell.

Grim. O

of Promos and Cassandra.

Grim. O Lorde, gogg's fote, you picke me to the quicke;

Ros. Quiet your selfe, your teeth are furred like.

Grim. O, ob no more, O God, I spattell blood,

Ros. I haue done, spyt out, this doth you much god:

Boy?

Boy. Anon. Boy with-
in.

Ros. Bring the drinke in the Porringer.

O gargalis his teeth. workshop and office of the author and editor.

Boy. It is here sy. Exit.

Ros. Wash your teeth with this, god master Grimball.

Grim. I am poysoned, ah, it is better gall:

Ros. Take these Comysys, to sweeten your mouth with all.

Grim. Bea mary sy, these are gay sugred geare.

Ros. Their swetnesse straight, wyll make you kinke I feare;

Grim. Whell nowe, what must I paye, that chy were gone?

Ros. What you wyll.

Grim. Hayest me so? O cham vndone.

Ros. Howe nowe Grimball?

Grim. O Learde, my Purse is cutte.

Ros. Whenz where?

Grim. Howe, here.

Ros. Boye, let the doore be shutte,

If it be here, we wyll straight wayes see,

Wheres he, that came with you?

Grim. I can not tell.

Ros. What is hee?

Grim. I knowe not.

Ros. Where doth he dwelle?

Grim. O Learde, I ken not I.

Ros. You haue done well.

This knane, your pence, in his pocket hath purst:

Let's seeke him out.

Grim. Pay barkie, I must neades first:

O Learde, Learde, cham sicke, my belly akes, to, to;

Ros. Thou lookist yll; well, ple tell thee what to do.

Hince

The Historie

Since shou art so sick, straight wares, get thē home,
To finde this Jacke, my selfe abroade wyl roome.
The rather, so: that he playde the knaue with mee,
Gri. Cham sicke in dēde, and therfore ych thanke thē:
Ros. I see sometyme, the blinde man hits a Crowe,
He maye thanke me, that he is plagued soe:
Gri Well, well, Dalia, the Loue ych bare to thē,
Yath made me sick, and pickt my purse from mee. *Exit.*
Ros. A, is he gone: a sole company him,
In god sothe Sir, this match fadged trim:
Weil, I wyll trudge, to finde my felowe Rowke,
To share the price, that my deuise hath tolke. *Exit.*

Actus.5.Scena.6.

Cassandra, in blacke.

Caſ. The heawy chardge, that Nature bindes me to,
I haue perform'd, ingrau'd my Brother is:
I woulde to God (to ease, my ceaseles wo)
My wretched bones, intombed were with his.
But D in vaine, this bootelesse wil, I vse,
I, pore I must lyue in sorrowe, ioynde with shame:
And shall he lyuer that dyd vs both abuse?
And quench through rule, the coles of iust renenge?
D: no, I wyll nowe hye me to the King:
To whome, I wyll, recount my wretched state,
Lewde Promos rape, my Brothers death and all:
And (though with shame, I maye this tale relate)
To proue that force, enforced me to fall:
When I haue showne, Lorde Promos foible misdeedes,
This knife forthwith, shall ende my woe and shame,
By gozed harte, which at his feete then bleedes,
To scouze his faultes, the King wyll moze inflame.

In

of Promos and Cassandra.

If dedes so do, that I in wordes pretende,
I nolle advise, my journey, to the King:
Yet ere I go, as Swans sing at their ende,
In solemnne Song, I meane my knell to ryng.

Cassandraes Song.

Sith fortune thwart, doth crosse my ioyes with care,
Sith that my blisse, is chaungde to bale by fate:
Sith frowarde chaunce, my dayes in woe doth weare,
Sith I alas, must mone without a mate.
I wretch haue vowde, to sing both daye and night,
O sorrowe slaye, all motions of delight.

Come grieslie griefe, torment this harte of mine;
Come deepe dispaire, and stoppe my loathed breath:
Come wretched woe, my thought of hope to pine:
Come cruell care, preferre my sute to death.
Death, ende my wo, which sing both daye and night,
O sorrowe slaye, all motions of delight.

Exe.

FINIS.

G. W.

G.j

The seconde part
of the Famous Historie
of Promos and Cassandra.

Set forth in a Comi-
call Discourse, by George
Whetstone Gent.

Formæ nulla fides.

G.ij

The seconde parte of the Historie
of Promos and Cassandra.

Actus. I. Scena. I.

¶ Polina in a blyse Gowne, shadowed with a blacke Sarcenet,
going to the Temple to praye, vpon Andrugios Tombe,

Promise is debt, and I my boyle haue pass,
Andrugios Combe, to wash with daylie teares:
Which sacrifices (although God wot in waste)
I wyll performe, my Alter is of cares.
Of fuming sighes, my offring incense is,
By pittious playntes, in stede of Prayers are:
Pea, woulde to God in penaunce of my mys.
I with the rest, my loathed lyfe might share.
But O in vaine, I wish this welcomde ende,
Death is to gowe, to slaye the wretched wight:
And all th. stone, he doth his soores bende,
To wounnde their harres, which wallowe in delight,
Yet in my care, styll goes; my passing Bell,
So ofte as I, Andrugios death do minde:
So ofte as men, with poyncted fngers tell,
Their friendes, my faultes, which by my weedes they finde.
But O the cause, with Death, which threates me most,
I wylsh to dye, I dye through wretched woe,
By dying harte, desires to yelde the gholt,
My traunces straunge, a present death to eschewe.
But as the reede doth bow at every blast,
To breake the same, when rowghest stormes lackes myght,
So wretched I, with every woe doe waste,
Yet care wantys soore, to kill my hart out ryght.
O gratioues God and is my gilt so great,
As you the same, with thousand deathes must breake?
You will it so, else care I could intreste?
With halfe these woes, my thyrd of lyfe, to breake.

G iiij. But

The Historie

But what meanest thou Polina, most accurst,
To muse, why God this penaunce ioynes thee to?
Whose correction, although we take at wrost,
To our great god he doth the same bestow.
So that, syth græfe can not relyue my friend,
Syth scouzeng syghes my sorowres cannot dye:
Syth care himselfe, lackes force my lyfe to ende,
Syth syll I lyue that every holze doe dye:
Syth mighty God appoyntes my penaunce so,
In moxneshillong I wyll my patience shew,

Polinas Song.

A Myd my bale, the lightning ioy, that pyning care doth bring,
VVith patience cheares my heavy hart, as in my vvoes I sing,
I know my Gilt, I feele my scourge: my easse is death I see:
And care (I fynde) by peecemeale vveares, my hart to set mee free,
O care, my comfort and refuge, feare not to worke thy vvyll,
VVith patience I, thy corsiues byde, feede on my life thy syll,
Thy apperyte vwith syghes and teares, I dayly vvyll procure,
And wretched I, wil vaile to death, throw when thou wilt thy Lure.

Exit; Polina.

Actus. I. Scena. 2.

Enter a Messenger from the King.

I Haue al length (though wary come in strafy)
I Oþlaynd a right of Julius stately walles,
A Kings mesage, can not be done with doþe:
Whome he bids goe, must runne through myre and dyrt,
And I am sent, to Lord Promos in post,
To tel him that the king wyll see him strayght,
But much I feare that promos nedes not post:
Of any gayne by his soneraynes receypte,

258

of Promos and Cassandra.

But Holla tongue of laupsh speeche beware,
Though subiects oft in p^rinces meaning p^rye,
They m^t their words, and not their myndes declare,
Unto which course I wyll my tongue apply,
Lord promos shall my princes comming know,
By p^rince himselfe, the cause thereof shall shew.

Exit.

Actus. I. Scena. 3.

Rorko Lamias man.

R Of. Is it possible that my Mistris Lamia,
Daer the shooes shold b'yn loue with phallax?
Why by Jesu^s(as she her selfe doth saye,) The strum
pers and
Crocodiles
teares a-
lyke.
With pure god wyll, her harte doth melt lyke ware:
And this I am sure, every howre they themselues,
By their swete selues, or by their letters greece.
But the spore is to set the louing elues,
Wyll together when they in secret mate.
She lowres, he lauffes, she syghes thowle pure loue;
Say, nay, sayes he(god pugges) no moze of this:
Well, sayes she, and w^epes, my grisele you do not prone.
Then straignt this so, me is cheareid with a kys,
And then aboth lives, thre wordes and a smouch:
Within her eare, then whispereth this slach,
And by the way he stumbleth on her lippes.
Thus eyther sygnes most louing sygnes to shew,
Much god dwⁱt them, syth they are both content,
Once I am sure; bo^w so the game doth goe,
I haue no cause their lyking to repent:
I syldome doe betwene their message beare,
But that I haue an Item in the hande,
Well, I must trudge to doe a certaine chare,
Whiche, take I tymie, coche for my gayne doth stand.

Actus.

The Historie

Actus. I. Scena. 4.

Phallax, Dowson a Carpenter,

Phal. Dispatch Dowson, up with the frame quickly,
So space your rooms, as the ayne wortythes may,
Be so instauld, as best may please the eye.

Dow. Very god, I shall:

Phal. Pay soft Dowson, stay:
Let your man at laynt Annes trosse, out of hande,
Creckt a stage, that the Mayghts in sight may stande.

Dow. Well you ought else?

Phal. Soft a whyle, let me see,
On Jesus gate, the lowre vertues I frow,
Appoynted are to land:

Dow. I sy, shoye me so.
Phal. Wel, then about your charge, I wyll soye so,
The Confect of Spudck, well pleas to be.

Dow. I am gone !

Exit.

Actus I. Scena. 5.

The Bedill of the Taylers, Phallax.

P. E. Hare you maister Phallax,

P. E. The Marchants of the Marchentaylers are,

Wher'e (with hemselues) they shall their Pageaunt place?

Phal. With what strange shewes, do they their Pageaunt gracer

Be. They haue Hercules, of Monsters conquereng,

Huge great Giants, in a forest fightwing,

With Lyons, Beares, Wolvees, Ape, Foxes, and Grayes,

Eariards, brockes, &c.

Phal. O wondrousy trayng,

Marry syr, since they are prouided soone,

Out of their wayes, God kepe Maister Bedillus.

Be. Yes

of Promos and Cassandra.

Be. You are plesaunt syz, but with spēde I pray,
You aunswere me, I was charged not to stay.

Phal. Because I know, you haue all things currant,
They shall stand where they shal no biewers want:

How say you to the ende of Ducke Alley?

Be. There all the beggers in the towne wilbe.

Phal. O, most attendaunce is, where beggers are,
Farewell, away.

Be. I wyll your wyll declare.

Exit,

Actus. I. Scena. 6.

phallax, Two men, apparelled, lyke greene men at the
Mayors feast, with clabbes of fyre worke.

PHal. This geare fadgeth now, that these fellowes peare,
Friendes where waight you?

First. In Iesug strete to kepe a passadge cleare,
That the King and his trayne, may passe with ease,

Phal. O, very god,

Second. Dought else syz, do you please?

Phal. No, no: about your charge.

Both. We are gone: Exeunt.

Phal. A syz, heare is shōrt knowledge, to enter tayne a kyng,
But O, quid non pecunia? yea, at a dayes warning?

The king in provision that thought to take vs tardy,
As if we had a yare bene warnd, shall by his welcome se:

I haue yet one chare to do: but soft, heare is Rosko,

I must nedes delyuer him a messadge before I goe.

Actus. I. Scena. 7.

Rosko, phallax.

ROf. I sayth, I haue noble newes for Lamia,

Phal. Nay soft, friend Rosko, take myne in your way.

H.i.

ROf. Paister

The Historie

Ros. Mayster Phallax, syr I cry you mercy,
Phal. Rosko with spade tell thy Mistris from me,
The King straight wayes wyll come to the Cytie:
In whose great trayne there is a company,
Within her house with me shall mery be,
Therefore, for my sake, wyll her to forswete,
To welcome them, that nothing wanting be,
This is all I wyll, for want of leasure. Exit.

Ros. I wyll not sayle syz, to shew your pleasure:
Mary, in sayth, these newes fallies tumpfe with the rest,
They shalbe welcome and fare of the best:
But although they well fyll their bodyes thus,
Their purses will be dypuen to a non plus:
No so;ce a whyt, each pleasure hath his payne,
Better the purce then body starue of twayne.
Well, I wyll trudge, my welcome newes to tell,
And then ab;oade, good company to smell. Exit.

Actus. I. Scena. 8.

*Corninus the King, Cassandra, two counsellors.
And Vdislao, a young noble man.*

K Yng. Cassandra, we draw neare unto the Towne,
So that I wyll that you from vs depart:
Iyll furber of our pleasure you doe heare.
Yet rest assur'd, that wycked Promos,
Shall abide such punishment, as the world,
Shal hould me iust, and cleare the of offence.
Cas. Dread soueraigne, as you wyl, Cassandra goest hence. Exit.
King. I playnely so, it tendes to great behone,
That Princes oft do bavle their eares to heare,
The Misers playnt: for though they doe appoynt,
Such as they thynke will Justice execute,
Autho;ritie is such a commaunder,

As,

of Promos and Cassandra.

As, where as men by office beareth sway,
If they their rule by conscience measure not,
The pore mans ryght is ouercome by might.
If loue or hate from Justice leade the Judge,
Then money sure may ouertake the case.
Thus one abuse is cause of many mos:
And therefore none in Judges ought to be,
How Rulers wrong, fewe tales are tould the King:
The reason is, their power keeps in awe
Such men as have great cause soz to complayne.
If Cassandra her godes, nay, lyfe preferd,
Before revenge of Promos trecherie:
I had not knowne, his detestable rape,
The whiche he soz to saue her brother's lyfe.
And furthermoro, Andrugios rausome payde,
I had not knowne he pot him vnto death:
For when (god soule) she had this treason tould,
Through very shame her honour so was spoyld:
She drewe her knyfe to wound her selfe to death.
Whose pylous plyght, my hart prouockt to wæsh,
At Promos wyles:
So that to vse indifferency to both,
Even in the place where all these wronges were done:
My selfe am come, to syt vpon the cause.
But see where Promos and the Mayor waight,
To welcome me with great solemnity:
With chearefull shewe I shadwe wyll the hate,
I beare to him soz his insolency:
Perhaps I may lærne more of his abuse,
Wherby the more his punishment may be.
Come my Lordes, to the Towne halle we apace:
All speake. We all are prest, to warght vpon your Grace;

H.ij

Actus.

The Historie

Actus. I. Scena. 9.

*Promos, Maior, three Aldermen, in red Gownes, vwith a Swoerde
bearer, awayghtes the Kinges comming.*

Promos, his briefe Oration.

Ro. Renowned King, lo here your faithful subiects preaste to shew
The loyall duetie, which (in ryght) they to your highnesse owe.
Your presence, cheares all sorte of vs: yet ten times more we ioye,
You thinke vs stoorde, our warning shott, soz to receyue a Roze.
Our wyll, is such, as shall supplie, I trust in vs all want,
And where god wyll the welcome gues, prouision syld is scant.
Loe, this is all: yea, soz vs all, that I in wordes bestowe,
Your Maiestie, our further zeale, in ready deedes shall knowe.
And first, d'rade King, I render you, the swoerde of Justice heare,
Which as your Lieutenant I trust, by rightlie I dyd beare.

The King delyuers the Swoerde, to one of his Counsell.

K Ing. *Promos, the god report, of your god government I heare,*
Or at the least, the god concepte, that towards you I beare:
To incourage you the more, in Justice to perleauer,
Is the chefe cause, I dyd addresse, my Progresse heather.
Pro. *I thanke your Highnesse.*

The Maior presentes the King, with a fayre Purse.

MA. Renowned King, our ready wylles to serwe,
In your behalfe, our goddes (nay lyues) to spende:
In all our names, I stelie heere bestowe
On your Highnes, this Purse: unto this ende,
To possesse your most Royall Maiestie,
In all our wealth, thereto bounde by duetie.
Kin. Your great god wyls, and gyfts with thanks I take:
But kepe you stell, your goddes, to do you good.

of Promos and Cassandra

If it is inough, and all that I do craue,
If needes compels so; your and our safety,
That you in part your proffers large performe;
And soz this time as out ward shoues make profe,
It is inough (and all that I desire)
That your harts and tongues (alylke) byd me welcome.
All, Lord preserue your Maiestie.

¶ Ffie or sixe, the one halfe men, the other vyomen, neare unto the Musick, singing on some stage, erected from the ground: During the first parte of the song, the King faineth to talké sadlie vwith some of his Counsell.

The Kings Gentleman Vsher. Forewards my Lordes,

They all go out leysurable vwhile the rest of the Song
is made an ende.

Actus.2.Scena.1.

Lamia the Curtizan,

LA: The match goes harde, whiche rayseth no mans gaine,
The vertue rare, that none to vice maye wzeast:
And sure, the Lawe, that made me late complaine:
Allurcth me, many a wanton geast:
Dames of my Trade, shooke tƿ their shoppes so; feare,
Their stiffe prou'd Contraformam Statutis,
Then I, which lycenst am, to sell fine ware:
Am lyke to be well customed perdy:
And nowe Tyme serues, least custome alter sayle,
At hyest rate, my Toyes I vallue most:
Let me alone, to set my Toyes to sale:
Vpon Ruyers I, in faith, wyll serue of trust.

The Historie

Who wyses me not,him wyll I sayne to loun,
Who loues me once,is lyned to my heast:
My cullers some, and some shall weare my gloue,
And be my harte,whose payment lykes me best.
And here at hande are customers I trowe,
These are the friendes,of Phallax, my swete friende:
Holve wyll I go, and set my wares to shewe,
But let them laugh,that wynmeth in the enoe. *Exit.*

Actus.2.Scena.2.

Apio and Bruno, Two Gentlemen straungers, with Roso.

Apio. Come on god friende: where dwells Lady Lamiae?
Ros. Even by Syr.
Apio. Well then, go thy waye,
Shewe who sent vs, and what our meaning is:
Least she not knowing vs, do take amys.
That thus boldlye we come to visite hir.
Ros. So bolder than welcome, I warrant you Sir.
Bruno. Well, thy message do:
Ros. Igo. *Exit.*

Fowre women brauelie apparelled, sitting singing in Lamiae
vwindowe, with wrought smockes, and Cawles, in their hands,
as if they were a vworking.

The Quyre. If pleasure, be treasure,
Apio. Marke.
The golden worlde is here, the golden worlde is here.
Refuse you, or chuse you:
But welcome who drawes neare, but welcome who drawes neare.

Bruno. They be the Muses sure,
Apio. Nay, Syrens lure.

Her.

of Promos and Cassandra.

First sing. Here lyues delight,
Second sin. Here dyes despight:
Thei both. Desyre here, hath his wyll.

Third sin. Here Loues relief,
Fourth sin. Destroyeth grieve:
Last two. VVhich carefull hartes doth kyll.

Bruno. Attende them fyll.

Apio. That, as you wyll.

First sing. Here wysh in wyll, doth care destroye,
Second sin. Playe here your fyll, we are not coye:
Third sin. VVhich breedes much yll, we purge annoy,
Fourth sin. Our lyues here styll, we leade in ioye.

The quire. If pleasure, be treasure,
The golden worlde is here, the golden worlde is here:
Refuse you, or chuse you,
But welcome, who comes neare, but welcome, who comes neare.

First. VVantons drawe neare.
Second. Taste of our cheate:
Both. Our Cates are fine and sweete.
Thirde. Come be not coye,
Fourthe. To worke your ioye:
The last two. We fall wyll at your feete.

Bruno. A, god kinde wormes:
Apio. Hartie.

First. Loe; here we be, good wyll which moue,
Seconde. We lyue you see, for your behoue:
Thirde. Come we agree, to let you proue.
Fourth. VVithout a fee, the fruites of Loue.

The quire all. If pleasure, be treasure, the golden worlde is here, &c.

Bruno. Upon

The Historie

Bruno. Upon this large warrant, we maye benter,
The doore opes alone, come, let vs enter.

Apio. Agræde.

Enter a Sergeant bearing a Mace, another Officer, with a
Paper, lyke a Proclamation: and with them the Cryer,

Officer. Cryer, make a noyse.

Cry. Yes. And so thrise.

Off. All manner of personnes, here present,

Cry. All manner of personnes, here present.

Off. Be sylent, on payne, of imprisonment,

Cry. Be sylent, on payne, of imprisonment.

The Officer reades the Proclamation.

Oruinus, the hye, and myghtie King, of Hungarie, and Boemia: Unto all his louing Subiects
of Iulio, sendeth greeting.

And therwithall, giveth knowledge, of his
Princelie fauour, towards cuery sort of them.

First, if any person, Officer, or other: hath wronged any
of his true subiects, by the corruption of brybes, affecting
or not fauoring, of the person: through usurie, extortion,
wrong imprisonment: or with any other vniust practise:
His Maiestie wylles the partie so gricued, to repayre to
Syr Ulrico, one of his highnesse priuie Counsell: who (fin-
ding his, or their iniurie) is comaunded, to certifie them,
and their proesse, unto the Kings maiestie: where inconti-
nentlie, he wyl order the controuersie, to the release of the
partie gricued, and the punishment of the offenders.

Further, if any of his saithfull subiects, can charge any
person, Officer, or other, with any notable or haynous of-
fence

of Promos and Cassandra.

fence: as Treason, Murder, Sacrilege, sedicion: or with any such notorious cryme: for the safetie of his Royal person, benefyte and quiet of his Realme, and subiectes. On Fridaye next, his most excellent Maiestie (with the advise of his honoorable Counsell) wyl in open Court syt, to heare and determine, all such offences. Theriore he strayghtlie chargeth all and euerie of his subiectes, that knowe any such haynous offenders: one the sorenamed daye, that he present, both the offender, and his faulte. Dated at his Royall Court, in Iulio, the 6. of Februarie.

God sauе the King. *Exeunt.*

Actus. 2. Scena. 4.

Rosko.

ROS. See howe we are cross: we thought the King for pleasure,
Came to visite vs: when to his paine,
And our plagues, I feare he bestowes his leysure.
To heare the wronges, of such as wyl complaine
Of any man: But the sport is to see
Us Officers, one looke of another:
I at Lorde Promos, Lorde Promos at me,
The Lawiers, at the Shrieff and Maner.
They gase as much on the rulynge Lawier,
For to be plaine, the clearest of all,
Recauylng, to heare the grieuous call,
Against Usurie, brybrie, and barrating,
Sabozning, extorcion, and boulstring.
Some faultes are hearde, some by Proclamation laye,
Before the King, to be hearde on Fridaye,
I yet haue scapte, and hope to go scotfræ;
But so, or no, whylst leysure serues me.

II

To

The History

To haue my aunswe're fre sh if I be cauld,
Of merry mates, I haue a meetyng stauld,
To whome my sences, to refresh I wend,
Whi ho gets a pace as meryly may spend.

Exe.

Actus. 2. Scena. 5.

Sir Ulrico, with diuers papers in his hand, two peore
Cityens, soliting complayntes.

VL. As thou complaynst, agaynst all equity,
Houldes Phallax thy house, by this extremity?

First. Pea sure, and he hath bound me so subtyly,
As lesse you helpe, lawe yaldes me no remidy.

VI. Well, what say you? is Phallax mony payd?

Se. Haue lyne pound hyz:

VI. For which your bond is stayde.

Se. Pay mary, the same I woulde gladly pay,
But my bonde for the forseyt he doth stay.

VI. *Summum Iur. I sic, is Summa Inuria:*
So these wronges must be salued some other way.

First. Pea, moze then this, most men say:

VI. What?

First. To be playne, he kēpes *Mistris Lamia,*

VI. Admyt he doe, what helpe haue you by this?

Se. Yes mary, it proues, a double knaue he is:
A couetous churle, and a lecher too.

VI. Well, well, honest men, for your witnesse go,
And as on proue, I synde your iniuries,

So I wyl moue, the king for remedyes.

Both. We thanke your honour.

Exeunt.

VI. Tys moze then straunge, to see with honest how,
What fowle deceytes, lewde officers can hyde;

In every case, their craste, they colour so,
As stylly they haue, strykt lawe vpon their side.

These

of Promos and Cassandra.

These runnynge Thēues, with lawe, can Lo; dships steale,
Wher so; a shēpe, the ignozant are frast:
Yea, who more rough, with small offenders deale.
Then these false men, to make themselves seeme iust:
The tirant Phallaris, was praysed in this,
When Perillus the brasen torment made:
He founde the wretched, strayght wayes in somē amys,
And made him first, the scourge thereroftaste:
A iust reward for such as doe present
An others fault, himselfe, the guiltyest man.
Well, to our weale, our gracious king is bent,
To taste these thēues, to vse what meanes he can.
But as at Cheastes, though skylfull players play,
Skyllesse vewers, may see, what they ompt:
So though our king, in searching Judgement may,
Gesse at their faultes, which secret wronges commit:
Yet so; to iudge, by truelth, and not by ame,
By selfe in cheſe, his highnesse doth auctorise,
On p̄ſſe so; to retorne who mergeth blame,
And as I lynde, so he himselfe will punish:
So that to vse, my charge indifferently,
My Clyents wronges, I wyll with wytnesse trye.

As he is going out, *Pimos*, a young gentleman speakes to him,

Actus. 2. Scena. 6.

Pi. Sir Ulrico, I humbly craue to know,
What god successe: my honest fute ensaese
Vi. Master promos, in b̄ete, the same to shewe,
I feare, you both, my order wyll refuse:
Lyros, that thinkes he geues moze then he shold,
And you, soz that, you haue not, what you would,
Pi. It shall goe hard, if that your award mistikes me.
Vi. Well, goe with me, and you the same shall see:
Pi. I waight on you.

Exeunt.

I. ij

Actus.

The History

Actus 3.Scena.1.

Phallax.

PHal. My troubled hart with guiltynesse agreud,
Lyke syze doth make my eares and cheeke to glow:
God Graunt I scape this blakke day vntreppeud.
I care not how the game goe to morrow.
Well, I wyll set a face of brasse on it,
And with the rest, vpon the King attend:
Who euern anen wyll heare in Judgement syt,
To heauen o; hel some officers to send.
But loft, a prayze, *Gripax* and *Rapax* I see,
A share of their venture belongs to mee.

Actus 3.Scena.2.

Gripax, Rapax, Promoters, John Adroynes,
A Clowne, Phallax.

Joh. Nay, god honest promoters let me go.
Gri. With John Adroynes we must not leauie you so:
What: an ould hobclunch a wanton knaue
Yow hal to the King.
John. Harry John Adroynes God saue:
The king: why he wyll not looke of pore men.
Ra. Yes, yes, and wyll spye a knaue in your face.
John. Wyll he so: then, god you be gone apace.
Gri. And why?
John. Least in my face, he spye you too,
Phal. Haue you seene a dawe, bebob two crowes sor
Ra. Well, come awaie syz patch.
John. Leane, o; by God yle scratch.

They

of Promos and Cassandra.

They fawle a fightyng.

Gri. What wilst thou so?

John. Yea, and byte too.

Gri. Helpe Rapax, play the man.

John. Nay, do both what you can.

Phal. If that in bobs, they bargayne be,

In fayth they share alone soz me.

Ra. What bytest thou hobclunch,

John. Yea, that chull, and punch.

Gri. O Lord God, my hart.

John. Iuaues, ile make you fart.

Ra. Woulde thy hands Lob,

John. Fyft, take this bob.

Phal. To parte this fraye, it is bye time, I can tell,

By promoters else of the rosse wyll smell.

Ra. O, my neck thou wylt breake.

John. Yea, Gods ames, cryst thou creake?

Phal. How now my friends: why what a stor is this?

Gri. Harry.

Phal. What?

John. Care they part, ile make them pys.

Phal. Woulde, no more blowes.

John. Iuaues, this honest man thanke,

That you scape so well.

Phal. Friend be not to cranke,

I am on officer, and meane to know.

The cause, why you brauld thus, before I goe:

Your bobs shew, that the same, you best can tell.

Ra. I woulde your worship, felt the same as weel,

I then am sure, this blockheded clave,

For both his faultes, double punishment shoulde haue.

Phal. What faultes?

Ra. Harry,

John. He wyll lye lyke a dogge;

Phal. How now you churle, your tongne, would haue a clog,

Say on:

The Historie

Ra. To shewe his first, and chieffest saughte:
His fathers maide, and he are naught.

John. What I?

Ra. I.

John. By my Grandfures soule, you lye.

Phal. Peace:

friende, for this faulte, thou must dye.

John. Dye, Learde saue vs: you sawde knaue, ple bunt yee:
For refo:ming a lye, thus against me.

Phal. Tush, tush, it helpeth not: if they can proue this,

Gri. For some proue, I sawe him and the Maide kyng.

John. Can not soke kyng: but they are naught by and by?

Phal. This presumption friende, wyl touch the shrowdrie:
If tho escape with life, be thou sure of this,

Thou shalt be terrible iwhyppe, for this kyng.

John. Whyp, mary God shielde, chy had rather be hangde:

Ra. Crowte nowle, come to the King.

John. Arte not well hangde.

Phal. Well, god fellowes, lets take vp this matter.

Gri. Nay, first John Adroimes, shalbe trussh in a halter.

Phal. Whyp: helpes it you, to see the pore man whyppe

I praye you friendes, for this tyme let him go.

John. Stande Syll, and chull, whether they wyl or no:

Ra. Nay, but we charge him, in the Kings name, staye the.

Phal. Marke honest man, I warrant the set frere:

Grease them wel l, intheir handes, and speake them sayre:

John. O Learde God, our fallewe poste is not here.

Phal. Tush, clawe them with money:

John. Whyp so, my nayles are sharpe,

Phal. I see, for Clownes, pants Wype, is master, the Apollos Warpe:

They can skilly of no Musick, but plaine Song.

Gri. I praye lets goe, we tryssle tyme too long:

Phal. Strayght.

Coches sonle knacie, stoppe his mouth with money.

John. O, I ken you nowe syz, chy erie you mercie.

Ra. Come on slouch, wylt please you be ioggynge hence?

John. Here is all, tenne shyllinges, and thyntene pence.

Phal, Marke

of Promos and Cassandra.

Phal. Yarke ye my friendes.

Gri. We must not let him goo.

Phal. Yarke once more.

John. Give them the money.

Phal. It shal be so.

Ra. Well, although he deserves great punishment,

For your sake, for this tyme we are content:

John Adroines farewell, henceforth be honest,

And for this faulte, wyll passe it oze in least.

Exeunt.

John. Then gives our money.

Phal. Why?

John. Why, they dyd but least:

Phal. Pea, but they take thy money in earnest. *Exit.*

John. Art gone, nowe the Dewle choake you all with it:

Howe chy kille againe, the knaues haue taught me wyt.

But by Saint Anne, chy do see burlady:

Men maye do what them woll, that haue money.

Ich surely had bene whipt, but for my golde,

But chull no more, with smouches be so bolde.

Pea, and ych wylsh all Louers to be wyse,

There belearing knaues abroade, haue Caltes eyes:

Why, by Gods boves, they can bothe see and marke,

If a man steale, but a smouch in the darke.

And nowe the wozlde is growne, to such iollie spye:

As if soke dorlysse, the're naught by and by.

Well, ych wyll home, and tell my Father Droyne:

Howe that, two thēues robd mee of my Cōyce. *Exie.*

¶ Enter the King, promos, Vlrico, Maior, Gonfago, phallax, with two other attendantes.

King. Sir Gonfago, is't that we henceforth heare,

With will, or wealth, you doe our subiects wrong:

I wile not agayne, this fauour for to fynde,

We vse this grace, to wyn you to amende:

If not, our wrath shall feare you to offendre.

God spede you.

Gonfago, doth reverence and departeth.

King. 3

The Historie

K Yng. I see by prooche, that true the prouerbe is,
Wyght maisters right, wealth is such a canker,
As woundes the conscience, of his Maister,
And deuoutes the hart of his pooze neyghbour.
To cure which soze, Justice his pryde must pyne,
Which Justice ought in Princes mose to shine:
And syth subiects lyue by their princes law,
Whose lawes in cheeke, the ryche shold keepe in awe:
The paze in wronges, but silome doth delyght,
They haue inusse, soz to defende their right:
It much behoues the maker of these lawes,
(This mony findes in them, so many slawes)
To see his lawes, obser'd as they are ment:
Or else god lawes, wylly turne to eryll intent.
Well, ere I leue, my poorest subiects shall,
Both lyue, and lyke: and by the richel stawle.

Pro. Regarded and most mightie Prince, your clemency herein,
Whose harts, your rule, commands throughe feare to faithful loue that
VI. Renowned king, I am soz to complaine, (win.
Of phallax, Lord promos secondary,

Whose hainous wronges many pooze men doth paine,
By me, who pray, your hignes remedy.

King. By Lord promos, it comes you rule at large,
When as your clarkes are officers bniest.

Pro. Dread king, I thinke, he can these wrong discharge.

Kyng. Doe you but thinke syr: a sure speare to truste
A dum death, and blynde Judge, can do as much:
Well, well, God graunt, your owne lyfe, byde the tutch.

Syr Ulrico, your complaynt confinew:

VI. Gracious King, his wronges be these innew:
Syr phallax, is a common Barriter,
In office, a lewd extortioneer:
The crafty man, oft puts these wronges in bre,
If pooze men haue, that lykes his searching eye,
He sheweth gould, the needy soules to lare:
Which if they take, so fast he doth them tye,

That

of Promos and Cassandra.

That by some bonde, or couenant forfayted,
They are inforst (farre beneath the ballew)
To let him haue what his eye conveyded:
And for to proue, that this report is true,
I shewe no moze, then witnesse prou'd by oþer,
Whose names and handes, defends it heare as froth,

Ulrico deliuers the King a writing with names at it.

King. How now *Promos*? how thinke you of your man?
Use both your wyttes, to cleare him if you can.
Pro. Dread King, my hart to heare his faultes doþt bleede.
King. Voloð farde it then, to suffer it indeðde?
It dyde, I trowe, or now you speake in iest:
Thy Master's mute Phallax, I bould it best
That thou speake, for thy selfe.

Phal. I humbly craye,
Of your grace, for aunswere, respyt to haue.

King. Why, to denise a cloke to hyde a knaue?
Friend, veritas non querit angulos,
And if your selfe, you on your truth repose,
You may be bould, these faultes for to deny,
Some lyttel care, vpon their oþers to lye:
See if any in your behalfe will sware.

Phal. O Lord God, is there no knyghtes of the poste heare?
Well, then of force, I must sing peccavi.
And crye out ryght, to the king for mercy.

O King, I am, in faulfe, I must confesse,
The which I wyll with repentaunce redresse.

King. Thy confession, doþt merþ some favour,
But repentaunce payes not thy pwe neyghbour:
Wherfore, say *Ulrico*, his gods leasfe you,
And those, he wrong'd, restoþ you, to their due.

VI. Loke what he gettes, most thinke, he wastes straight waye,
Upon a leawde harlot, named *Lamia*:
So that his gods, wyll scarce pay every wight.

King. Wher naught is left, the king must lose his right.

The Historie

Pay as you may, I bould it no offence,
If eache pay somewhat for experiance:
But by the way, you rule the cysty well,
That suffer, by your nose, such names to dwell,
And now phallax, thy further penaunce ys,
That sozithwith, thou do resigne thy office.

Vlrico, to his account lykewise, see.

VI. It shalbe done.
King. phallax, further heare me:
Because thou didst, thy faultes at first confesse,
From punishment, thy person I release:
Phal. I most humbly, do thanke your maiestie.
Pro. Ah, but alas, Cassandra heare I se.

Cassandra in a blewe gowne, shadowed with black.

Cas. O woulde of teares, myght tel my tale, I shame so much my fall,
Oz else, Lord promos lewdnes shouren, would death woulde ende my
Pro. Welcome my swete Cassandra.
Cas. Purdous varlet, away.
Renowmed King, I pardon crame, for this my bould attempt,
In preasing thus so neake pour grace, my sorrow to preleve,
And leass my soe, sallie promos heare, doe interrupt my tale,
Graunt gracious King, that vncouerbold, I may report my bale.
King. Holw now promos: holw lyke you, of this songe
Say on sayze dame, I long to heare thy wrong,
Cas. Then knowe dread souerayne, that he this doome did geue
That my Brother, for wantonnesse shouold lose his head:
And that the mayde, which fide, should euer after lyue
In some religious house, to sorowe her misdafe:
To saue my brother lug'd to dye, with teares, I sought to moue
Lord promos hart, to shpyle him grace: but he with lawles loue
Was fyzed by and by; and knowing necessite,
To saue my brothers lyfe, would make me yeld to much,
He cran'd this taunsome, to haue my virginitie:
No teares could worke restraint, his wicked lust was such,
Two euils here were, oile must I chuse, though bad were very best.

To

of Promos and Cassandra.

To see my brother put to death, or graunt his letode request:
In syne, subdunde with naturall loue, I did agree,
Upon these two poyntes: that marry mee he shoule,
And that from prison byle, he shoule my brother free.
All this with monstrosous othes, he promised he woulde.
But O this periurd promos, when he had wrought his wyll,
Hys self call me of: and after cauld the Tailer fox to kill
My brother, raunsomde, with the spoyle of my god name:
So that fox companing, with such a hellish feende,
I haue condemnde my selfe to weare these weedes of shame:
Whose cognisance doth shewe, that I haue (flechly) sünd.
Loe thus, hic and renowmed king, Cassandra endes her tale,
And this is wicked promos that hath wrought her endles bale.
King. If this be true, so fowle a deede, shall not unpanicht goe,
How sayst thou promos, to her playnre; arte guiltye: yea, or no?
Why spekest thou not? a faulty harte, thy scilence sore doth shewe.
Pro. My guilty hart commaunds my tongue, O king, to tell a troth,
I doe confesse this tale is true, and I deserve thy wrath.
King. And is it so: this wicked deede, thou shalt ere long buy deare,
Cassandra, take comfort in care, be of god cheere:
Thy forced fault, was free from euill intent,
So long, no shame, can blot thee any way.
And though at ful, I hardly can content thee,
Yet as I may, assure thy selfe I wyl.
Thou wyched man, might it not thee suffise,
By worse then force, to spole her chastite,
But heaping sinne on sinne against thy self,
Haste cruelly, her brother done to death.
This ouer pزوofe, ne can but make me thinkes,
That many waies thou hast my subiectes wronged:
For how canst thou with Justice use thy swaie?
When thou thy selfe dost make thy will a lawe.
Thy ryganny made mee this progresse make,
How so, for spoile till nowe I coloured it
Unto this ende, that I might learne at large,
What other wronges by power, thou hast wrought.

B ii

And

The Historie

And here, I heare : the Ritche suppresse the poore:
So that it semes, the best and thou art friendes:
I plasse thee not, to be a partiall Judge,
Thy Officers are couetous I finde,
By whose reportes, thou ouer rulest suetes:
Then who that genes, an Item in the hande,
In ryght, and wrong, is sure of god successe,
Well, Warlet, well: too lowe I hefher came,
To scourge, thy faultes, and falue the sores thou mad'st:
On the vyle wretche, this sentence I pronounce,
That forfithwith, thou shalt marrie Cassandra,
For to repayze hir honour, thou dyd'st waste:
The next daye thou shalt lose thy hated lyfe,
In penaunce, that thou mad'st hir brother dye.
Pro. My faultes were great, O King, yet grant me mercie,
That nowe with bloody sighes, lament my sinnes to late.
King. *Hoc facias alteri, quod tibi vis fieri:*
Pittie was no pleé Spy, when you in iudgement late,
Prepare your selfe to dye, in baine you hope for lyfe.
My Lordes, bring him with mee: Cassandra come you in like case:
My selfe wyl see, thy honour salu'd, in making thee his wife,
The sooner to shorten his dayes.
All the company. We wayte vpon your Grace.

¶ As the King is going out, a Poore man shall kneele
in his waye.

K Yng. Spy Ulrico, I wyld, Commission shoulde be made,
To Spy Anthony Alberto, and Justice Diron,
To heare and determine, all suetes to be had
Betwene Maister prostro, and this poore man: is it done?
Ulrico. Renowned King, it is ready:
King. Repayze to Spy Ulrico, for thy Commission:
All. God preserve your Maistrie.
They all depart, save the Clowne.

Clowne. Bonnes

of Promos and Cassandra.

Clow, bones of me, a man were better speak to great Lords thy self,
Then to our proude, Joustlers of peace, that byn in the country:
He that is ryght, as my dame sayth, goest away with the hare.
This two yere, they haue hard my master, & yet cham neare y nere.
And at first dash, a god satte Lorde, God in heauen sauie his life;
Fayth, for nothing, teld the King of Was proffers, and my strife.
O Lorde, ych thought the King could not bide, on poore men to looke,
But God sauie his Grace, at fyfth dash, my Supplycation he tolke:
And you hard, how gently, he calld me poore man, and wild me goe,
For my Pasport, I kenne not what, to godlyz Ulrico.
Well, chull goe soyt, and hope to be with Master proffers to bring:
But ere yeh goe, chul my Ballat, of god King Corin sing.

The Clownes Song.

You Barrons bolde, and lustie Lads,
Prepare to welcome, our good King:
Vvhose comming so, his Subiectes glads,
As they for ioye, the Belles doo ryng.
They fryske, and skippe, in euerie place,
And happy he, can see his face:
Vvhoso checks the ryght, that wrong by might,
And helps the poore, vnto his right.

¶ The loue that rygour gettes through feare,
Vvith grace and mercie, he doth wyn:
For which we praye thus, euerie where,
Good Lorde preferre, our King Corin.
His fauour raignes, in euerie place:
And happy he, can see his face. *Exit.*

K.ij

Actus.

The Historie

Actus 4: Scena. I.

Gresco, a good substantiall Offycer, Two Beadelles in
bluw Coates, with Tygeltaines,

Gresco. Come loytring knaues, spede about your busynesse.

Fetche me in, all yde vacaboundes.

First. Yeo syz, yes:

Gres. Searehe Ducke alley, Cocke lane, and Scondes corner,
Aboot your charge, lets se, howe you can starre.

Sec. Yes, I haue winges in my hales to flee.

First. Who giues two pence, a straunge Ponster to see.

Sec. What Ponster?

First. A horned Beast, with winges vpon his hales.

Sec. Dut dronken dzeuler.

Gres. What runnes your heades a whyle?

We packing bothe, and that betymes you are best.

First. We are gone syz, we dyd but speake in least.

Exeunt. Beadelles.

Gres. The King, I sayth, hath set vs all a worke,
To searche odde holes. Where yde varlettes luke.

He so ny ped, our Mawr foz yll rule:

As ever since, he hath bene lyke to wbole.

And in a rage, the man is nowe so whotte,

As lewde personnes, tagge, and ragge, goes to pette,

But in chiese, he stozmies, at sine Miser for Lamia.

She drinkes, foz all, come he once in his waye,

And least she scape, my selfe foz wold he deplyed,

Worshipfullie to fetche her, with sondrie Wyllies.

Well, I must goe, and weare our Almyre beast,

No joyce, foz ones, she wyll never be honest.

Exe.

Actus.

of Promos and Cassandra.

Actus. 4. Scena. 2.

*Andrago, as out of the wooddes, with Bowe and
Arrowes, and a Cony at his gyrdle.*

AN. This savage life, were hard to lvsse, if hope no effort gaue:
But I (whose life, frē Tyrants wrath, Gods prouidence did save,
Do take in worth this misery, as penaunce for my mys:
Hilf fed with hope to shalige this stale, when Gods god pleasure is.
A hollow Cave for house, and bed, in woodly Andrago takes,
Such soyle fode, as fortune sendes, he sydome newe to saker,
I am my selfe forswore, nowe Butcher, Cooke, Cater and all:
Pea, often tymes I fall to stepe, with none, or supper small.
Then in my Denne, I call to minde, the lyfe I lyude in blisse:
And by the Inant I frendome inde, the greatest joye that is:
The freman is in bis we of friendes, to have release in neder,
The exple, though he haue no lacke, yet leses he leys in bodes
That his mylodes, wyl hardly scape, the punishment of lawe:
And lyuing, he were better dead, than lyuch in this awe:
Besides this feare, which never fayles, the banisht man in want,
As ofte he is, is sore to finde his succor, s verle scant.
Then who is he so mad, that friendes, and frendome both enioye:
That wyl abuenture breach of lawe, to lyne in this annoye?
And not annoye to him alone, but to his friendes and kyn:
Great be the cares, Cassandra, and Polina lyueth in.
Whough thought, of me, whom long agone, he bbaded they suppose,
For my offence, thus are they sco;gge, yet dare I not disclose
My safetie, for their helpe: but harke, who commeth here?
This chaunce comes strange: God graunt god newes, I hope, and

(ret I feare,

and I adoe)

John Adroynes,

The Historie

John Adroynes a Clowne, Andrugio.

John. If che could finde my Mare, che would be rusly by the rod,
And cbam sure the hōzechup, is peaking in this wood.
Che wyl sake every corner, bat che wyll find her.

He whistlyng lookes vp and downe the stage,

(churles,

An. This clowne can hardly mé bewray, and yet such dunghyll
Such newes, as is in market tounes, about the country whozies.
What seekes thou god fellow?

John. Hy sqawde Mare, doſt her know?

An. No.

John. Then scummer mé not, ih haſe ych goe,
Sake my Mare, to ſee the ſpotz at Iulio.

An. What ſpotz?

John. A lytel ſpotz.

An. What?

John. Say ſkyl not a wiſt?

An. What impaſes this Aſſe?

John. Twyll teache the hōzechup wpt.
Hy'll hang, handſome young men fo; the ſoothe ſinne of loue,
When fo his knauery, himſelfe, a baſwy lack doth proue;

An. His wordes ſemeth Straunge, ſomwhat is a Wy.

John. Twel, chyll ſee his ſhoulders, from's towle to ſyge,

An. Whoſe ſhoulders friend?

John. As though you dyd know.

An. Whome?

John. Lord promos.

An. Yes: my moſt accuſed foe:

But what of him?

John. Thou kenſt.

An. No.

John. Sayſt not, yes,

An. Yes:

John. So,

An. But

of Promos and Cassandra.

An. But friend thou tookst my wordes awryes,
I know nothing, in what state Promos is.

John. Thou knowest, and thou knowest not: out horson sole,
Leane stealing Cunnyes, and get thee to scowle.

Farewell.

An. Hott.

John. O thy arte no sole god thysle:
Haue my mony take my life.

An. Wch be breste.

Somne newes, of lewde Lord Promos tell me,
And wthy lyfe and mony, ple set thee free.

John. I wyll: thou knowest the King wyl at Indie,

An. Very well.

John. Thou canst tel as wel as I,

Let me goe?

An. May ple see if thou doost lye,
If thou doost, yle whip thee, when thou hast done.

John. Klyng and lyyng, ich see is all one:
And chaue no mony, chul tell true therfore;

An. Dispatch then.

John. Then, lyyng Promoter, this moze:

Cassandra scuside, Promos of honesties

And killynge Ramstrugis for hersey.

An. What moze?

John. The king at Promos, great pleasure wyl take,

And Cassandra, an honest woman to make:

The King maunded him, her strayght to marry,

And soz killynge her brother, he must dye.

An. Is this true?

John. Whys how say you: doe I lye?

An. Well, so or noe, soz thy newes haue this conne.

John. Gods bernes, gene it me, to be swete, tis to cheape,

Bur Lady yet, tyll sunday it will recepe:

Well, now god blwy, has lyyng Promoter,

Wees see at the sport.

An. I peraduenture,

The History

John. Since can not finde my Mare, on fote shall goe:
Vch thinke, each daye a nowre, to be at *Julie*. Exe.
An. Straunge are the newes, the Cloyne hath sholwe to me:
Not straunge a whyt, if they well scanned be.
For God we see, syll throwes the Tyrant downe:
Euen in the heyght, and pride of his renowne.
Lorde promos rule, nay, tyranny in dede,
For Judges is a mirro, iwo thy haede.
The wretched man, with shewe of Justice zeale,
Thoroughly dyd, with pwe offenders deale.
The wicker man, both, knewe, and iudg'd, abuse:
And none so much, as he her faultes dyd vfe.
He sellons hang'd, yet by extozion, soale:
He wantons plag'd, himselfe a boating sole.
He others chek't, for suing for their right:
And he himselfe, mayntained wrongs by might.
But see the rule of mischiefe, in his pride:
He headlong falles, when least, he thought to ride.
Well, by his fall, I maye perhyps aryste:
Andrugio yet, in clyming be thou wyse.
What syll unknowne, shall I haue in this wode:
Not so.
Go wraye these newes, no doubt; heito my good.
Per ere I go, I wyll my selfe disguise,
As in the Tabard, in spye of Lenes eyes.
I wyll unknowne, leare howe the game bath goe:
But ere I go, feth eased is my woe:
By thankes to God, I first in song wyll shew:

Andrugios Song.

To thee O Lorde, with harte, and voyce I syng,
Vvhose mercie great, from mone to sweete delight:
From griefe to ioye, my troubled soule doest bring,
Yea, more thy wrath, hath foylde my soe in syght.

Vvhose

OF PROMOS AND CASSANDRA.

VVho sought my lyfe (which thou O God didst saue)
Thy scorge hath brought, vntimelie to his graue.

VVhoſe grieſe wyl gawle, a thouſande Judges moe,
And wyl them ſee, them ſelues, and ſentence iuft:
When blacke reproche, this thundring shame ſhall ſhee,
A Judge condeſide for muſter, theſte, and luſte.

This ſcorge, O God, the lewde in feare wyl bring,
The iuft for ioye, thy prayſes lowde wyl ſyng.

Exiſt.

. Grefco, with three other, with bylles, bringing in Lamia prisoner.

Gref. Come on faire Dame, ſince faire words, workes no haſte,
Now lowle meaneſes shall: in you repentaunce braſe.

La. Maſſer Grefco, where you maye helpe, hurt not.

Gref. And nothing but chaffement, wyl helpe you to amende.
Well, I wyl not hurt you, your lewdnes to defende,

La. My lewdnes Hyz: what is the diſference?

Betwixt wantons, and hoorders of pence?

Gref. Thou haſt winde at wyl, but in thy eyes no water:
Tho arte full of Grace, howe he bluſheth at the matter.

La. Howe ſample I, your wyfe and daughter Hyz?

Gref. Are me, when whypping hath chaung'd thy nature.

La. What whypping: whyz am I a Horſe, or a Mare?

Gref. No, but a beaſt, that meteſie well wyl bare.

La. In dede (as) nowe, perforce, I beare this ſlowke

But bſe me well, elſe I fayth, gette I out,

Looke fo; quittaonce.

Byl. Winde hir to the Pece Hyz.

So maye your Worſhip be out of daunger.

First Bilm

Gref. Bring hir away, I knowe howe to tame hir.

La. Perhaſ Hyz, no: the worſt is but ſhamz hir.

Byl. Come ye drah.

Second Bilm

La. Howe nowe ſtab: handes of my Gowne.

Byl. Care not fo; this, yuse haue a view one boone.

Exiſt. Third Bilm,

Cassandra.

The History

Cassandra.

Al. Unhappy Wench, the more I seeke, for to al undone griefe,
The fuder off. I wretched finde, both comfort and reliefe.
My Brother first, for wanten faultes, condemned was to dye:
To saue whole life, my sake, wrought hope of Grace, but haples I.
By such request, my honur spoyld, and ganynd not his breath:
For which deceite, I haue purisde, Lord promos unto death.
Who is my Husbād, do nowe bēc me, it please our Soueraintē so,
For to repayre, my crased Faine; but that nowe workes my wo.
This day, he must (oh) lese his head my Brotheire death to quite,
And therin fortune hath alas, sh. wac me hir greatest spyte.
Nature wold mee, my Brother loue, nowe dñe con. man. ds mee,
To preferre before kyn, or friend, my Husband's afftie
Bus D, aye mee, by fortune, I am made his chieflē foc:
I was I als, euen onely I, that wrought his ouerthoe.
What shall I dō, to workē amēds, for this my harvēs dādes?
The tyme is short, my power small, his succore arēth spade.
And shall I seeke to saue his blōd, that lately sought hi- lyfē
D, yea I then was storne his soe; but nowe as faithfull wife,
I must and wyll, preferre his health, God sende me god successe:
For nowe unto the King I wyll, my chaunged minde to expresse.

Exit.

Phallax.

PHAL. Was ever man, set moare frē then I?
First went my goddes, then my Office dyd flye:
But had the King, let me frē from flattie,
The next deare yere, I might haue staru'd, perdie.
But Lord promos, hath a farre moare frē chaunce:
Hes free from Landes, goddes, and Officer doth daunce;
And shalbe free, from life, ere long, with a Lauree.
The Officers, and thēle men of Julio:
Vengeaunce lyberall, thēselues lyke wise chose.
More knaues, and queanes that vp and doowne do gor,
These horzelē knyve cruyss, In hogles besto.

But

of Promos and Cassandra.

But yet, pore cheare, they haue : marry soz heate,
They whyp t' em bntyll, verie blood they sweate.
But se, their cost bestowde of syng *Lamia*,
To laughir tete, from harde stones, and colde waye,
Intu a Carte, they dyd the queane conuayre.
Apparelled, in, collours verie gaye:
Both Hode, and Cownte, of greene, and yellowwe Saye,
Hir Garde, weare Typhaues, all in blewe arraye.
Before hir a noysse of Basons dyd playe,
In t' us t' wimpe, she ryd well nyne a daye.
Fie, fie, the Cittie is so purged nowe:
As they of none, but honest men allowe,
So that fare well my parte, of thriuing there:
Whi the best is, flatters lyue enerie where.
Her cocke on hope, *Domi n'est terra*.
If thou can not where thou wouldest, lyue where thou maye,
Yes, yes phallax, kneweth whether to go:
Nowe, God bwy ye all honest men of Iulio
As the Devilles lykes, the company of Friers,
So flatters loues as lyle, to ioyne with lyers.

Actus.5.Scena.1.

Anarugio, disguised in some long blacke Cloake,

AN. These two daies, I haue bene in Court disguis'd;
Where 3 haue leard, the icorge that is devil'd,
For promos faulte, he my Syster spowled hath,
To salue hir fame, crackt by his b'reache of sayth.
And shortlie he, must lose his subyll head:
For murdring me, whome no man thinkes bat dead.
His wyll, was god: and therfore b'shewe mee,
If (mou'd with ruthe) I seeke, to set him free.
But softlie, with some newes, these fellowes come;
I wyll stande close, and heare both all and some.

L iii

Allns.

The Historie

Actus 5.Scena.2.

Enter Ulrico, Marshall.

VL. Marshall, heare you warrant is: with spede,
The king commanides, that promos you behead.
Mar. Sir, his highnesse wyll, shalbe forthwith done.
Exe. Marshall.

VI. The king welnye to pardon him was wonne,
His heaue wyfe, such stornes of teares did shewe,
As myght, with rueth, haue moyst a stony barte,
But promos guyld, dyo soone this grace heuoure,
Our gratiouse king, beforez hir to zetched smart,
Preserf, the helth, of this our common weale:
But sa againe, to sue for him she comes,
Her ryfull lokis, her grase, doth soone mē ferre,
With hope, I must, her sorowes nōdes delay:
Tyll Promos be dispacht out of the way.

Actus.5.Scena.3.

Cassandra.

CA. By Ulrico, if that my unknowne grāte,
May moue god mindes, to helpe mee to releaze,
Or bytter syghes, of confort cleane dismayde,
May moue a man, a chistlesse dame to ayde:
Rue of my teares, from true intent which fowe,
Unto the king, with me, yet once moys goe.
Se if his grāce, my husbands lyfe wyll sauē,
If not, with his, death shall my corps ingraue.
VI. What shall I doe, her sorowes to occreate?
Feebe her, with hope: sayze dame, this mene surceas,

of Promos and Cassandra.

I see the king to grace is somewhat bent,
We once agayne thy sorrowes wyl present:
Come we wyl wayght for syne, thy sake to shew.
Cas. God knight, for time, doe not my sake forswete.
Whylest grasse, doth growe vste sterres the flesly heade,
VI. Feare not, your Lorde, shal not dye with such spade. *Exeunt.*

Enter Andrugio.

An. Lord God, how am I tormented in thought
My sisters woe, such rush in me both grave:
As sayne I would (if ought save death I caughte)
Belray my selfe, Lord Promos life to save.
But lyfe is sweete, and naught but death I eye,
If that I would, my safetie now disclose:
So that I chuse, of both the euels, he dye:
Time wyl appease, no dought, *Cassandra* woes,
And shal, I thus acquite *Cassandra* loues.
To worke her los, and shall I feare to dye?
Whyls, that she lyue, no comfoore may remeue
Care from her harte, if that her husband dye:
Then shall I sycke, to hazard lyues may liffe
Toalue her greefe, since in my cure it relle.
Pay fyfe, I wilbe spoylid, with bloody kniffe,
Before, I sayle her, plunged in distres.
Death, is but death, and all in syne shall dye
Thus (being dead) my fame, shall live alway:
Well, to the king, Andrugio now wyl bye,
Hap lyfe, hap death, his safetie, to belray.

Exit.

Actus.5. Scena.4.

The Marshall, three or fowre with halbards,
Leading promos to execution.

Byl. Ryme friends, what meane you thus to gaze on vs,
A comes behinde, makes all the sport I was,

A Bylm.

Pro. Farctwel.

The Historie

Pro. Farewell, my friendes, take warning by my fall,
Disdaine my life, but lysten to my ende,
Fresh harmes, they say, the vivers so apall,
As oft they win, the wicked to amend.
I nede not heare, my faultes at large resyte,
Untimely death, doth witnesse what I was:
A wicked man, which made eache wronȝ seyne right,
Even as I would, was wretched euer y case.
And thus long tyme, I liu'd and rule by Wyȝ,
Wher as I lou'd, their faultes, I would not see:
Whose I did hate, tyme bytmes beyond there yll
I did persue, vyle wretch, with cruelty.
Pea dayly I, from bad, to worse did syde,
The reasoun was, none durst, controule my lyse:
But se the fall, of mischæfe, in his pride,
My faultes, were knotone, and loe with bloody Are,
The headlesman strayght, my wronges with death wyll quite:
The which, in worth I take, acknowledging,
The dome, was geuen, on cause, and not on spyte,
Wishing my ende, might serue for a warning.
For such as rule, and make their will a lawe,
If to such god, my saynting tale might tend,
Wretched promos, the same wold lenger drazow:
But if that wordes preuayle, my wofull ende
From my huge faultes, then tenne times more wyll warne.
Forgetuenesse now, of all the woold I craue,
Therewith that you, in zealous prayer, wyll
Beseeche of God, that I the grace may haue:
At latter gaspe, the feare of death to kyll.
Mar. Forwards my Lord, me thinkes you sayntly goe.
Pro. D sy, in my case, your selfe wold be as slowe,

Actus.

of Promos and Cassandra.

Actus. 5. Scena. 5.

Enter Cassandra, Polina, and one mayde.

Cas. Aye me, alas: my hope is vntimely,
Whether goes my god Lord?

Pro. Swete wife, to dye.

Cas. O wretched wench, where may I first complayne?
When heauen, and earth, agrees vpon my payne?

Pro. This mone god wife, for Chrysses sake, for sake:
I late resolu'd, through feare of death, now quake.

Not so much, for my haynous sinnes forpast:
As for the greefe that present thou dost take.

Cas. Nay, I bile wretched, shold most agrauened be,
Before thy time, thy death which hastened haue:

But (O swete husband) my fault forgene me.
And for amends, Ile helpe to fyll thy graue:

Pro. Forgene thee, ah; nay, for my soules relife,
Forget swete wyse, this thy most guytles greefe.

Mar. By Lord Promos, these playntes, but moue hit mone,
And your moze greefe, it is best you ware gone:

God Maddame way, by lawe, your Lord doth dye,
Wherefoze make vertus of necessity;

Delay, but workes your sorrowes, and our blames,
So that now, to the comfort of these dames:

And your wisdome, insooz, we leue you:

By Lord Promos, byd your wife and friends adew.

Pro. Farewell, farewell, be of god cheare deare wyse:
With ioy for woe, I shall exchange this life.

And rugis death, Polina forgene me:

Pol. I doe, and pray the Lord, to relēue ye.

Cas. Yet ere we part, swete husband let vs kiss,
O, at his lyppes, why sayleth not my breath?

Pro. Leane mone, swete wife, I doe deserue this death.
Farewell, farewell.

The Historie

They all depart, saue *Polina, Cassandra*, and her vwoman.

Cas. My louing Lorde, farewell,
I hope ere long, my soule with thine shall dwell.
Po. Now, gad Madame, leue of this bootelesse griefe.
Cas. *Polina*, sozrolne is my reitese.
Wherfore, swete wenche, delipe me to rwe my woe,
With me byle wretche, thy bytter plaintes bestowe:
To hasten lyngryng death, who wancketh might:
I sre, alone, to slay, the wretched wight.
Po. Nay, first powre forth your playnys, to the powers Divine,
When hate, doth cloode, all worldly grace, whose mercies syll do
Cas. O, so or no, thy motion doeth well,
(thine.)
Swan lyke, in song, to tolde my passing Bell.

The Song of *Cassandra*.

¶ Deare Dames diuorse, your minds frō ioy, helpe to bewayle my wo,
Condole with me, whose heauy sights, the pangs of death do shew:
Rend heairs, shed teares, poore wech distrest, to haft the means to dye,
VVhose ioye, annoy; reliefe, whose griefe, hath spoyld with crucifie,

My brother slaine, my husband ah, at poynt to lose his head,
VVhy lyue I then vnhappy wench, my suckers being dead?
O time, O cryme, O cause, O lawes, that Iudgd them thus to dye:
I blame, you all, my shame, my thrall, you hate that haimelesse trye,

This Tragidy they haue begun, conclude I vvretched must,
O vvelcome care, consume the thread, thereto my life doth trust;
Sound bell, my knell, avvay delaie, and gesue mee leue to dye,
Les hope, haue scope vnto my hart, a fresh for ayde to flye,

Enter

of Promos and Cassandra.

Enter Ganio sometime Andrugios Boye.

G A. O swete newes, for Polina and Cassandra.
Andrugio lyues:

Po. What doth poor Ganio sayre

Ga. Andrugio lyues : and Promos is reþir'd:

Cas. Maine is thy hope, I sawe Andrugio dead.

Ga. Well, then from death, he is againe reþir'd.

Euen nowe, I sawe him, in the market dead.

Po. His woddes are straunge,

Cas. Two swete, God wot, for true.

Ga. I praye you, who are these here in your viewe?

Cas. The King.

Ga. Who more?

Po. O. Ifre Andrugio.

Cas. And I my Lorde Promos, adue sorrowe.

Enter the King, Andrugio, Promos, Ulric, the Marshall.

Po. My good Andrugio:

An. My swete Polina:

Cas. Lyues Andrugio, welcome swete brother:

An. Cassandra:

Cas. I.

An. Howe fare, my deare Sisters

King. Andrugio, you shall haue moche leysure,

To grieve one another: it is our pleasurz,

That you forthwith, your foztunes bere declare,

And by what incanes, you thus preserued weare.

An. My faull, thzough loue, and iuggement for my faulfe,

To þe Promos wronges, vnto my Silver done.

My death supposde, breade King, were vaine to tell.

Cassandra heare, thsoe dealinges all hath showne.

The rest are these.

¶ 15

Walben

The Historie

When I shoul'd dye, the Gayler mou'd to ruth,
Declard to me, what promos pleasure was:
Amazde wherat, I tolde him all the trueth,
Wi hat, betwene Cassandra, and him dyd passe.
He much agriued, Lord promos guylt to heare,
Was verie lothe, me (wofull man) to barme:
At length, iust God, to set me (wretched) cleare,
With this defence, his wylling minde dyd arme.
Two dayes agoe, to death, were diuers done,
For scuerall faultes, by them committed:
So that of them, he tolke the head from one,
And to Cassandra, the same presented:
Affirming it, to be hir brothers head.
Which done, by night, he sent me post away,
None but supposed, that I in dede was dead:
When as in trueth, in uncouth hauntes I laye.
In fine, a Clowne, came peaking through the wood,
Wherin I lyd, your Graces being here:
And promos death, by whome I understand,
Glad of which newes, howe so I lyd in feare.
I ventured to see his wretched fall:
To free suspect, yet straunger lyke arayde,
I bether come: but loe, the inwarde th'all
Of Cassandra, the hate, so soze dismayde.
Which I conceyued agaynst my brother promos,
What loe, I chewis'd, to yeld my selfe to death,
To let him fra: soz other wyle I knew,
His death ere long, would sure haue stopt her b:ath.
Loe gratioues king, in braxe I bere haue shoune,
Such aduentures, as wretched I haue pass:
Besetching you with grace to thinke vpon,
The wight that wayles, his follyes at the last.
King. A strange discourse, as straungely come to light,
Gods pleasure is, that thou shouldest pardoned be:
To salue the fault, thou with polina mad'st,
But marry her, and heare I set thee free.

Folke

of Promos and Cassandra

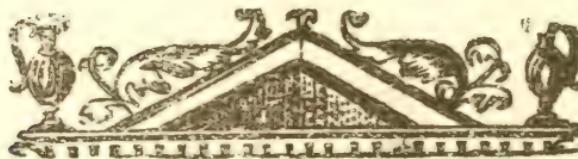
An. Most gratiouse Prince, thereto I gladly greet
Poli, Polina, the happiest newes of all for thee.
Cas. Most gratiouse King, with these my ioye to match,
Touchsafe, to geue my dampned husbande lyse.
King. If I do so, let him thanke thee his wife:
Cassandra, I have noted thy distresse,
Thy vertues eke, from first, unto the last:
And glad I am, without offence it lyes,
In me to eare, thy griefe, and heauines.
Andrugio sau'd, the iuell of thy ioye,
And soz thy sake, I pardon promos faulte.
Pea let them both, thy vertues rare commende:
In that their woes, with this delyghe doth ende.
Company. God preserue your Maiestie.
Pro. Cassandra, howe shall I discharge thy due?
Cas. I dyd, but what a wife, shoulde do for you.
King. Well, since all partes are pleased, as they woulde,
Before I parte, yet Promos, this to thee:
Henceforth, soezhighlie, of thy forcpassed faultes,
And measure Grace, with Justice euermore.
Unto the poore, haue euermore an eye,
And let not might, out countenaunce their right:
Thy Officers, trust not in every tale.
In chiesz, when they arc meanes, in stiles and suites,
Though thou be luke, yet coyne maye them corrupt.
And if by them, thou dost vnlustice shewe,
Tys thou shalt beare, the burden of their faultes.
Be louing to good Cassandra, thy wife:
And friendlie to thy brother Andrugio,
Whome I commaund, as faythfull fo^r to be
To thee, as beseenes the dutie of a brother.
And now agayne, thy gouernment receyue,
In ioye it so, as thou in Justice ioye.
If thou be wylle, thy self maye make thee rye.

The Historic

The lost shēre founde; soz loye, the feast was made,
Weil, here at ende, of my advise I make,
As I haue layde, be god vnto the pōze,
And Justice toyn, with mercie enermore.
Pro. Most grātious King, I wyl not sayle my best,
In these preceptes, to foliole your behest.

FINIS.

G. Whetstone.



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Sepulchres Church, without Newgate.

August. 20. 1578.



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